

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

No. 1078.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1919.

Price 6 Cents

A SPY AT 16! OR, FIGHTING FOR WASHINGTON AND LIBERTY.

By GENL. ASA GORDON.

AND OTHER STORIES



The man turned away and started to leave the camp fire. Tom sprang forward, and caught him by the arm, saying: "I know you! You are a spy!" The man dealt him a stunning blow between the eyes, and took to his heels.



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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.00 per year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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A SPY AT 16

—OR—

FIGHTING FOR WASHINGTON AND LIBERTY

By GEN'L JAMES A. GORDON

CHAPTER I.

THE WOUNDED SPY.

When the American army was encamped at Perth Amboy, just after the battle of Monmouth Court House, the British army was posted on the lower end of Staten Island.

Only the Staten Island Sound separated them, and it is not so wide but what the drumbeats of the two armies could be heard by each other. Sometimes they exchanged cannonballs. But they were too far apart for musketry firing, hence they lay still and watched each other.

Washington had chased the enemy across New Jersey, and fought him so savagely at Monmouth Court House that he was glad enough to take refuge on the island.

Washington dared not follow him over there. It would have been madness to do so. They held the city of New York, and had a large fleet of vessels in the harbor. The patriots had no navy to speak of. Washington was ever prudent and cautious.

Yet, with all his ships, the enemy dared not cross over to the New Jersey side at that time. They remembered their punishment at Monmouth.

Sir Henry Clinton commanded the British forces in America at the time of which we write. He was a brave and cautious general. He probably respected Washington's military sagacity more than any other British officer. Everywhere his spies were busy watching him.

On the other hand, Washington was equally anxious to fathom the intentions of Sir Henry. He well knew that the two armies could not long remain idle while so near to each other. Like Sir Henry, he had his spies to watch the enemy and try to penetrate his designs.

Both sides were vigilant in efforts to detect and capture each other's spies. Capture meant certain death under the rules of war. None but brave, daring men could be induced to act as spies.

Neither side ever ordered a man to act as a spy. It was always the custom to call for volunteers for such service. No general would ever assume the responsibility of ordering a soldier to go into the enemy's lines as a spy.

But there was never any lack of men to volunteer. There are always brave men in every army who were ready at all times to volunteer for desperate adventure.

At the time of which we write the settlers on Staten Island were mostly loyalists. Their proximity to New York, which remained in the hands of the enemy till the close of the war, brought them under British influence.

But there was a widow of the name of Roland living on the island near where Port Richmond now stands. She owned a farm there, and had a son and daughter. The girl was twenty years old and the son but sixteen. She was good-looking, hearty and strong. Her brother Tom was active and unusually strong for one of his age.

The family was not particularly disloyal to the king until

the conduct of some of the British officers disgusted them. A young lieutenant began paying his attention to Rachel. She discouraged him on account of his assumption of superiority.

He persisted in his attentions, and she had to tell him she would not receive him any more. He came again, and she, true to her word, refused to see him. He forced his way into the house, and Tom knocked him down. He drew his sword and threatened to run him through. She drew a poker and ran him out of the house.

Tom was arrested. She went to the British general and told her story. Tom was admonished and sent home.

Then followed a series of annoyances that made the mother, daughter and son hate the sight of a redcoat. They began to hope for the success of the patriots, and when good news came to them from the mainland they rejoiced.

One day a young man came to the Roland cottage. He was dressed as a fisherman. He looked weak and pale. As he asked for a drink of water he sank down on a chair and pressed a hand to his side.

"Are you hurt?" the widow asked, as she gave him the water.

"Yes," he groaned, "I am wounded unto death."

"My dear man, let me do something for you? I have medicines and salves in the house."

"It is too late, I fear. They shot me and are now looking for me. Are you for the king?"

"No! I hate the king and all his men. But that need not bother you. I——"

"I am a patriot soldier, ma'am. I serve under Washington and——"

Rachel and Tom came in.

He stopped and looked up at her, as though to ask whether he should say more.

"They are my children," she said, "you need not be afraid to speak before them," then turning to her daughter, she added: "He has been wounded by the king's soldiers."

"Oh, how long will heaven permit them to do such things?" exclaimed Rachel, her eyes filling with tears.

"Not long, not long," he said. "We will drice 'em out soon. Washington has run 'em to the sea now. I am a spy. My name is Allan Crane. I was discovered and fired at. A bullet hit me in the side. I am dying. They are guarding the water front of the west side to intercept me. Here is a walnut. It is hollow and unscrews apart. I have a cipher message in it for General Washington. Get it to him in some way. When I am dead throw my body into the water and it may save you trouble."

"But you shall not die, my good friend," said the widow. "I have a secret cellar under the house and medicine. Rachel, hurry and fix a bed for him there. Here, you are faint from thirst and hunger. Take a sip of this brandy. I have kept it for years. There, you'll feel better now. I'll make you some gruel. Here, take a drink of cold water."

Rachel and Tom hurried with their preparation of a bed in the underground apartment.

It was soon ready, and Tom came to assist him to it.

"It is useless, kind friends," he said. "I am dying now. I feel it, and your kindness may get you into trouble."

"While there is life there is hope," said the widow, and in a few moments he had passed through the opening in the floor to the room below the ground.

The opening was closed again, and she was looking about for her salves, when she happened to look out toward the gate and saw a file of soldiers, under a lieutenant, coming toward the house.

To her horror she espied a pool of blood on the floor of the piazza where the wounded spy had sat.

Her ready wit told her that it would seal the fate of the spy, as well as her own, if the redcoats saw it.

What could she do? She could not wash it away in time.

They had entered the gate and were coming toward the house.

Quick as a flash she seized a chicken which was picking in the grass just off the piazza. The fowl was the daughter's pet, and it was so tame it could be picked up anywhere by any of the family.

No sooner did she get it in her hands than she jerked its head off and threw it on the piazza.

Its blood stained the floor of the piazza for many feet around.

Then she threw it on the ground, knowing the redcoats could not distinguish chicken blood from the human.

The headless fowl was still leaping in its death agonies when the officer came up.

"Do you kill your chickens in the house, madam?" the officer asked, as he looked at the blood-bespattered floor of the piazza.

"No. The pesky thing fluttered up there. I've got a job to clean it up now. What do you soldiers want now?"

"We are looking for a man who was seen coming in this direction. He was dressed like a fisherman."

"Well, do you expect to find him here? I don't keep a tavern."

"These are times when many things are done out of the general run of custom," remarked the officer.

"Yes, and the harassing of widows is one of 'em," she returned. "That isn't the way to put down the rebellion. Washington is over there in New Jersey. Go and catch him, and disperse his army, and the rebellion ends. The poor widows are not the——"

"Oh, never mind the rest, madam," said the young officer, impatiently. "Have you seen such a man come this way?"

"No," she said.

"Search the house, sergeant."

The widow turned pale, but said nothing. The sergeant took two of the soldiers and entered the house.

Ten minutes later he reappeared and, saluting the officer, said:

"There's nobody here, sir."

"Very well. We'll go, then, sergeant."

"But hold on, sir," said the widow. "I want to search the sergeant, and those two soldiers who went into the house with him."

"What for?" the officer indignantly asked. "Do you take them for thieves?"

"Yes. They could no more resist the temptation to steal anything they took a fancy to than a bird can resist the temptation to fly."

"Do you know you insult the whole royal army, madam?"

"Dare you let me search them? Ah! there's one of them passing my dead husband's snuff-box to one of his thieving comrades!" and she sprang forward and snatched the relic from him. The sergeant pushed her rudely away, and she snatched up the dead chicken and banged him in the face with it, saying:

"You are all a set of thieves! There's the rebel army not five miles away, and you are plundering the widows and orphans here."

"I'll have you arrested, madam!" said the lieutenant.

"Of course you will. I am a poor, weak woman. If a rebel soldier should appear you'd take to your heels. Bah! And you expect to conquer Washington!"

The lieutenant couldn't stand such a tongue-lashing, and he ordered the men away. She stood on the piazza, arms akimbo, and gazed after them till they were out of sight.

Then she turned and signaled for Tom to come up from below.

"They searched the house and are gone away. Watch here till I go down and see what I can do for him."

She went down through the opening, which closed after her, and at once proceeded to examine the wound.

The spy had fainted.

She found the bullet-hole in his side, and just under the skin on his back she discovered the bullet.

"That must come out, Rachel. Get me your father's razor."

"Oh, mother! What do you know about——"

"Get me the razor! I know that it ought to come out."

Rachel got the razor and the brave woman made an incision and got the bullet.

"Put it away," she said, as she gave it to her daughter. "He may get well and would like to have it."

Then she bathed the wound and put some healing salve on it, after which she went upstairs and proceeded to make some gruel for the wounded man to eat when he should recover from his swoon.

CHAPTER II.

RACHEL AND THE BATTEAU.

While his mother and sister were engaged in caring for the wounded spy, Tom Roland was looking at the walnut the wounded man had placed in his hand. He examined it thoroughly, and it was difficult for him to find any line to show that it could come apart.

But he finally discovered it.

He wondered what the message in it was. Could he read it? He remembered that he said it was in cipher. He couldn't read cipher.

But had he the right to read it if he could?

"It is for Washington. Get it to him in some way."

That was what the poor wounded spy said, and Tom sat and pondered over it in silence for some minutes.

"I'll do it!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking up. "I'll give it to him myself. I'd like to see him. He is the greatest general in the world. He has driven the king's army to the sea. He whipped them at Monmouth. I'll tell him how I came to have it, and maybe, if it is of any importance, he may thank me and give me other work to do."

He paced to and fro on the piazza of the little cottage, as he made the heroic resolution of taking the walnut to the commander-in-chief of the patriot armies.

His mother was in the kitchen preparing something for the wounded man to eat.

"Mother," he said, in a low tone of voice, "you heard what he said when he gave me that walnut?"

"Yes," she replied.

"He said, 'it is for Washington. Get it to him in some way.' How can we do it?"

"I am sure I don't know, my son," she replied. "I have not given it any thought at all. I am worried about the poor man."

"Well, it may be the saving of Washington's army or the destruction of the king's. I am going to see that Washington gets it."

She started and looked hard at him.

"What do you mean, my son?" she asked.

"I am going to Perth Amboy and give it to Washington."

She dropped into a chair and glared at him in a half-dazed sort of way.

Then her motherly fears got the better of her. She wailed out:

"No, no! You shall not go!"

"Why not, mother?"

"They are watching the shore along the Jersey front. They will not let you go across."

"But I can get across in spite of them."

"No, no! You will be shot! They will find the walnut on you, and you will be hanged or shot."

"But, mother, if you love the cause of Washington and hate the king you should be willing to let me run some risk to——"

"My God!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "You are all I have since your father died. I cannot lose you and live."

"But, the salvation of the army at Perth Amboy may depend on my delivering it to Washington. Think of that, mother. I tell you, I can get across and not run any risk."

She shook her head, and then sprang up to look after the meal she was preparing for the wounded man. It was about done, and she fixed it so as to cool to a proper degree before taking it to the underground apartment.

Tom said no more to her at the moment, and soon she

went below. Rachel came up and left her mother down there.

"Has he come to yet?" he asked her as she joined him.

"No. He is muttering and talking about Washington and the cipher, and other things which I can't understand."

"He is raving about the cipher dispatch in that walnut he gave me. He said, 'Get it to Washington in some way,' Sister, I am going to take it to him."

"How can you do it?" she asked. "They won't let anyone cross to the other side from the island."

"If you will help me I can get over, and not even run any risk."

"How? If I can I will, for it may be of the utmost importance."

"My plan is this. You take the flatboat and pile up some salt hay upon it and pole it down the Sound. The sentinels all know you. I can hang onto the boat in the water on the offside. The hay will conceal me. We'll go slow—with the tide—and when it is dark enough I can let go and swim to the mainland."

"You mean to go to-night, then?" she asked.

"Yes, and to start inside of an hour."

"That is easy enough. But how will you get back?"

"Swim out to you in the same way on—say Thursday night. You can have more hay on the boat."

"Does mother know?"

"She says I shall not go, but I am going to disobey her this once. She seems so afraid something may happen to me. It's all because this poor fellow has been shot."

"I don't think you ought to go without her consent," said Rachel, shaking her head.

"She won't consent. I don't think Washington's army ought to be put in danger just because of a woman's fears. If I can help the cause and won't do it I am not a friend of it. That's the plain truth."

"Yes. Don't say anything more and I'll fix things so we can get off. I have to go down in the batteau often, you know, and the soldiers know it, too."

"Yes. I'll go down and put the hay on the boat so as to have everything ready for the start."

"You can't carry any arms in the water."

"No—only a knife, that's all. A spy doesn't need any firearms. He must depend on his wits and cunning to pull him through."

"Yes. I suppose that is so," and she went down below again to see how the wounded man was getting along.

No sooner was she gone than he hurried off down to the water, where they kept their batteau, or small, flat-bottomed boat, and bailed it out with a gourd. Then he took several armfuls of salt hay from a stack and carried it to the boat. He filled it quite full and then waited for his brave sister to appear. The day was waning fast.

The sun was sinking out of sight in the west, and in a little while longer it would be dark enough for his purpose.

The girl soon came and joined him.

"He is still muttering," she said, "and mother thinks he has less fever than when he first laid down. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Have you the walnut?"

"Yes."

He slid into the water and clung to the side of the batteau, and she poled it out into the current made by the tide.

The sentinels were so thick alongshore as to render it an utter impossibility for one to cross to the other side.

But such craft as the batteau hugging the island shore were not interfered with, as their movements could be plainly seen.

Several times the sentinels spoke to her and she replied to them. They would sometimes banter each other, and at one time she said she had forage for Washington's army.

"You've got enough to last him a month, my dear," said one of the sentinels.

"Yes," she replied. "He told me to bring him a boatload."

"Make him pay cash and in good money," suggested one of them.

"Indeed I will. I won't sell to the king himself on credit."

"That's treason!" said one.

"Of course it is," put in another.

"No, it's business," said Rachel, and they laughed and said she had a good head for business.

They passed on down and the twilight deepened. The stars began to appear.

Across the meadow, on the island side the brave girl could

see arms stacked and sentinels pacing to and fro. A soldier off duty sat on an old hulk of a vessel, fishing. His great-coat hung on his musket near him. The batteau passed near enough to permit her to touch the old hulk with her pole.

"Where are you going, lassie?" the soldier asked.

"Home," she replied. "Have you caught any fish?"

"No, they won't bite to-night. Will you bite if I cast my hook to you?"

"That depends upon the bait," she replied.

"Oh, I'll bait it with myself," he said.

"It is too stale. No wonder you don't get any bites."

The old soldier laughed and said:

"That's a hard one, dearie. You are a saucy lass."

"You soldiers are so conceited. Because you wear the king's uniform you think all the girls dote on you! There! You got a bite then! Why didn't you catch him?"

"I guess it was a female fish making fun of me like you do."

"Ah! You don't fish right to catch 'em, then," and she laughed merrily as the batteau glided by on the tide, leaving the old hulk behind.

Tom was clinging to the offside with his head barely above water.

The darker it grew the lighter his heart became, and farther down he watched for a chance to let go and swim for the Jersey side.

He let go and swam noiselessly away just as a sentinel said:

"Come farther inshore, lass, or you may be fired at."

"Why, you soldiers wouldn't shoot at a girl, would you?" she asked.

"No—not if we can see her. But if you are so far out we can't tell you from a rebel spy."

"Yes—yes. I never thought of that," and she pretended to be trying to pole it nearer the shore. She didn't care to take Tom any nearer, but she had to make a show of trying to do so.

She turned and looked over to see him.

He was not there. He was gone, and her heart gave a great bound as she gazed around in quest of him. She couldn't see him, and she muttered:

"Thank God!" and poled the batteau nearer the shore, and finally tied up to the bank near a redcoat sentinel.

"What have you got there?" the sentinel asked.

"Some hay. The tide is too strong for me. I shall have to wait for it to turn."

"You are sure a rebel spy isn't hid under that hay?" asked the sentinel.

"Oh, yes, quite sure."

"Well, I am not so sure, myself."

"No, of course not. You soldiers are always suspicious. Look and see. Don't tumble any of the hay in the water, nor fall in yourself if you should happen to see a rebel."

The sentinel came on board the batteau and probed the hay with his bayonet to satisfy himself that no spy was lurking beneath it.

"Don't be frightened," she said, sarcastically. "If you find one there I won't let him hurt you."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT ON THE SHORE.

In the meantime, where was young Tom Roland?

His sister did not know when he let go and swam away. She was left in doubt. But she was one of those sensible girls who sometimes do a little thinking.

She reasoned that he was safely on the other side, because she knew he was a most excellent swimmer. She hardly believed that he could have drowned. He was too much at home in the water for that. She had heard no challenge from the sentinels, nor had a shot been fired.

She made up her mind that everything was all right, and that Washington would have that cipher dispatch inside of a very few hours.

On letting go of the batteau, Tom struck out for the mainland. He swam smoothly, and went diagonally with the tide, making a very little commotion in the water.

He looked back and saw that the sentinels on the island shore could not be seen.

He chuckled and said:

"If I can't see them they can't see me. I knew I could do it," and he struck out more boldly for the shore.

He soon reached it and climbed out of the water to terra firma.

A man suddenly rose up and caught him by the collar, saying:

"I've got you, young man!"

"Who are you, and what right have you to collar me?" Tom demanded.

"You have come across from Staten Island?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll have to go back."

"What for?"

"Because I say so," was the firm reply. "I am going to swim over myself, and you must go with me."

That was enough to satisfy Tom that the man was a British spy returning to the island.

He saw that he was no match for the man, who was at least fifty pounds heavier than he was and two inches taller.

"I don't belong to you," he said. "You have no right to—"

The man whipped out a dagger and said:

"Just shut up now or I'll make an end of you! These are war times! You swim back with me or die right here!"

"Oh, I'll swim," said Tom, with a readiness that completely disarmed the suspicion of the man. "Let me take off my shoes and coat. It's hard swimming with 'em on."

"Yes. I am going to take mine off, too," and he released his hold on the youth and stooped to untie his own shoes.

Quick as a flash Tom drew his knife and slashed him across the throat.

The man straightened up to his full height and glared at him.

Then he groaned, staggered a few paces and fell to the ground.

"Oh, heavens!" groaned Tom. "I've killed a man!" and he stood there like one utterly dazed and looked down at him.

"He would have had me hung as a spy," he said to himself, as he stood there, trying to reason out a complete vindication for what he had done. "I believe that he was a spy himself, and that it was right to do as I did. What right had he to take hold of me and order me about as though I were a slave and belonged to him? I'll look and see what he has got to show what he was," and he knelt down and began searching the pockets of the dead man. He found some English gold, the dagger with which he had been threatened, and a small glass bottle.

"I don't find anything to show that he was a spy," said Tom, after he had been through all his pockets. "I am satisfied that he is one, though," and he put the bottle and other things into his own pocket and began making a more thorough search for proofs of his business.

Nothing more was found, and he turned away and made a bee-line for Amboy. He was soon halted by the American pickets, and said:

"I am from Staten Island. Take me to General Washington at once."

That was enough. He was sent forward under guard. It was yet early in the night and the camp was alive with the patriot soldiers who had fought at Monmouth.

The guard at headquarters halted them, and the corporal in charge of him said:

"Here is a young man from Staten Island to see the general."

Word was sent in, and one of the staff officers came out to see him.

He was a very tall, dignified-looking officer, and he scanned Tom from head to foot.

"You are wet. You swam across?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Well, come in and tell us all about it," and he led the way into the house and upstairs into a room, where sat a very tall, broad-shouldered man, whose grave, dignified bearing at once impressed Tom as being no other than Washington himself.

He took off his hat and stood before him in silence.

The commander-in-chief looked up at him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Tom Roland, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"On Staten Island."

"How did you get over?"

"By swimming."

"What brought you here?"

"To place this in your hands." And he took the walnut from his pocket and handed it to him.

The general took it and unscrewed it. A glance at it told him who it was from.

"It is from Allan Crane," he said. "Why did he send it by you?"

"Because he could not bring it himself."

The general looked him full in the face for a moment or two, and then asked:

"What has happened to him?"

"He has been wounded. He staggered into my mother's house and told us who he was. He gave me that walnut, saying, 'It is for Washington. Get it to him in some way!' and then he fainted. I left my mother attending to him and came here to give that walnut to you."

The commander-in-chief rose to his feet and said:

"You are a brave lad! Give me your hand," and he shook his hand in such a cordial way that Tom felt proud as a peacock.

"I was seized by a man on this side of the channel," he said, "and he drew a dagger on me to force me to swim back with him. I killed him and brought these from him," and he laid the little bottle, the dagger and the English gold coins on the table in front of the general.

The general took up the bottle and broke it, taking from it a closely folded paper.

"He was a spy!" he said to his chief of staff. "Here are all our plans and positions plainly drawn."

"Yes, your excellency," said the staff officer, "the lad has done well."

"He has done better than that. He is a hero!" and he looked up at Tom again, for he had resumed his seat.

"How old are you, my young friend?" the general asked.

"I am 16 years old."

"A spy at 16!" and the general looked at his chief of staff. "And they hope to conquer us."

"They can't do it!" said Tom, in such an emphatic way that the general smiled and said:

"No, my son, they can never conquer our people. You can keep the gold and the dagger. Can you lead a file of soldiers to the spot where you left the body of that spy?"

"Yes, general."

"Are you in any danger of taking cold from wearing your wet clothes?"

"No, general; I am used to it."

"You had better change them for dry ones, and, turning to his staff officer, he suggested that a search for a change be made."

"Don't worry about my wet clothes, general. They'll soon be dry," and Tom seemed happy enough to dry them by the warmth of his heart.

"Then send a file of soldiers with him to search that body more thoroughly and bury it."

"Come with me," said the chief of staff, leaving the room.

Tom followed him out, and in ten minutes he was standing before a blazing campfire waiting for the file of soldiers to come for him.

He was drying his clothes fast by the fire when he saw a soldier on the other side of the fire looking keenly at him.

He started. There was something familiar about the face, but he could not place it. Where had he seen it before? Why was the man trying to keep in the shadows?

Suddenly the truth flashed on him.

He had seen that face often on Staten Island.

The man was a British soldier. He had fished with him once near his mother's cottage.

Yet here he was in the American camp.

The man turned away and started to leave the campfire.

Tom sprang forward and caught him by the arm, saying:

"I know you! You are a spy!"

The man dealt him a stunning blow between the eyes and took to his heels.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREAT OF THE SPY.

The blow would have downed Tom completely had he not staggered against an old Continental soldier.

The old veteran caught him in his arms and supported him, at the same time crying out:

"A spy! a spy! Catch him!"

The spy was the only man running at the moment, hence the others knew that he was the one accused.

Instantly the hue and cry was raised, and half a hundred soldiers darted after him.

He was caught ere he had gone two hundred yards. He resisted like a madman, but was soon overpowered and bound.

Tom recovered from the blow he had received, and ran forward to see if they had really captured the man who struck him.

He confronted him and said:

"You are a British soldier. I live on the island, and have seen you in the king's uniform many a time."

"I am not mistaken."

An officer came up and asked what the trouble was.

"A spy," said several of the soldiers.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "I live on Staten Island, and I know him to be a British soldier."

"Bring him to headquarters," said the officer. "We can soon find out."

They took him to headquarters and searched him. They didn't find anything on him to incriminate him, save a few pieces of English gold.

But the fact that he did not belong to any company or regiment at Amboy was proof enough, and he was placed under a strong guard to be kept till morning.

A sergeant tapped Tom on the shoulder and said:

"You are to go with us for a dead man somewhere. We are waiting for you."

"I am ready," he replied.

"Come on, then. We must lose no time," and they marched out of the camp in the direction of what is now Woodbridge. An hour's walking brought them to the spot.

"Here he is," said Tom, as he found the body where it had fallen.

The sergeant struck a light and searched the body. He could find nothing on it but the clothes he wore.

"We were sent to bury him," said the sergeant, "but I wasn't told to bury him in the ground, so we'll bury him in the water. The fishes'll take care of him. If we put 'im in the ground the worms'll eat 'im. In the water the eels do it. Bound to get eat up anyhow. Throw 'im into the water, men."

They took up the body and threw it into the water. The tide had now turned, and was coming in—going up toward New York, past the home of Tom's mother and sister.

It floated away in the darkness, and the sergeant returned to camp to report that he had found and searched the body of the dead man. "Nothing on him but clothes. We buried him in them."

That was his report.

The officers did not care whether the man was buried or not. They wanted to find out if the story Tom Roland had told was true.

They were satisfied, and the commander-in-chief was, too.

Tom was given a bed in a house in the rear of headquarters, and he went to sleep thinking of his first meeting with the leader of the American armies.

When he awoke the next morning he was amazed at finding both eyes badly discolored from the effects of the blow the spy had given him.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he looked at his reflection in the little mirror on the wall. "I am a beauty, and no mistake! I didn't dream it was such a hard lick. Yet it did feel as if a mule had kicked me at the time. Well, it can't be helped now, but I am mighty sorry it happened. They got the fellow, anyhow."

He bathed his face and hands and then went out to the guard in front of headquarters and asked for the officer in command there.

"Do you mean the general?" the guard asked.

"No, the officer of the guard."

"That's him coming this way now," said the guard, as an officer came toward them. Tom looked at him and saw that he was not the one he was placed under the night before, and said:

"He ain't the one I was turned over to last night."

"No. That was Captain Gale. He is not on duty to-day. Report to Captain Brainard there and tell him your business."

Captain Brainard came up, and the guard saluted.

He looked at Tom and saw that he was not a soldier. He took him for a resident of Amboy, and remarked as he gazed at his discolored features:

"You got the worst of it, eh?"

"I don't know, sir. I'd rather be in my place than his," Tom replied.

"How's that? Did you bruise him any?"

"No, never got a lick at him. The soldiers caught him and he's now under guard. They'll try him to-day."

"Try him for what?"

"He's a spy, sir."

The captain stared and then smiled.

He had made a mistake. He thought Tom was alluding to some brawling fellow in the town with whom he had been fighting.

"You are the young man who discovered the spy in camp last night, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you stay around here till they send for you. I'll see that you get some breakfast," and then he passed on.

"That was a good thing for you last night," said the guard.

"How?"

"The catching of that spy. I heard General Knox say you were a brave lad and would make a good soldier."

"I hope I may have a chance to prove his words true."

"Do you want to join the army?"

"Yes."

"I guess you can have a chance to do so. We haven't any more men than we need."

An orderly came to Tom and said he was wanted.

He followed him and got a good breakfast.

Then he was led to a house around on another street, where a court-martial was sitting.

The spy was there and they were waiting for him as a witness.

The officers of the court looked hard at him as he came in.

"Who gave you those black eyes?" one of them asked.

"That man there," he answered, pointing to the prisoner.

"Why did he strike you?"

"For calling him a spy."

"Is he a spy?"

"Well, I really don't know, sir. He was a British soldier a week ago."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am. I've seen him in the king's uniform many a time. I live on Staten Island—was born there."

"Your name is Roland?"

"Yes, sir—Tom Roland."

"Do you know this man's name?"

"No, sir. I talked with him once when we were fishing, but did not ask him his name."

Then they turned to the prisoner and asked him where he belonged. He said he was a farmer in the upper end of the county, and had come down to Amboy to look for a man who had stolen a horse from him.

"But why did you put on our uniform?"

"I believed he was a soldier," he replied, "and I thought it the best way to find him."

"Do you know anybody in the army here?"

"No."

"Nor any citizen here?"

"No."

"Give the name of a neighbor of yours where you live."

"My nearest neighbor lives three miles from me, and he is now in Philadelphia attending the funeral of his wife's mother."

"Is that the best defense you can make for your life?"

"Yes. Appearances are against me, sir."

"Very much, indeed."

He was convicted and condemned to be hung as a spy.

He turned fiercely on Tom.

"You will wish you had never been born before you are a month older!" he hissed. "Your mother and sister will wish it, too!"

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL KNOX AND THE YOUNG SPY.

At the mention of his mother and sister Tom paled.

He glanced at the prisoner, but said nothing in reply.

"How do you know he has a mother and sister?" one of the members of the court asked.

"He has a mother and sister. I know them. He has told

the truth. I am a British soldier. My life is to pay the penalty of my service to the king. His mother is a widow and has always been considered as loyal. When I saw him last night I did not believe he would betray me. But he did, and I am here a prisoner. But vengeance will come like a whirlwind to him and to his. This wicked rebellion will be crushed, and the fate that is soon to come to me will come to all of you, gentleman of the court."

"That will do, sir," said the president of the court-martial. "Sergeant, remove the prisoner."

The spy was led away and the court broke up.

General Knox saw Tom looking pale and anxious.

"My young friend," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder, "don't let that fellow's threats worry you. The threats of a dead man don't amount to much."

"No, sir. But if they hear of this over on Staten Island it will go hard with my mother and sister," and then he told the general how Rachel had helped him get across the channel to the mainland.

The general was interested.

"I would like very much to see her," he said. "She has more nerve than most woman have. I don't think you need worry about them, though."

"Other spies may carry the news back, and that's what I am afraid of," said Tom.

"We'll try to keep any of them that comes over here," the general remarked. "But I don't think it would be wise for you to go back there just now."

"No, and my mother will be heartbroken, for I came away without her consent."

"We'll send word to her that you are alive and well. That will make her satisfied."

"But how can you do that?"

The general smiled.

"Easily enough," he said. "You don't know much about war, my young friend."

"How should I? I have never been a soldier."

"True. Perhaps you'll know more by and by. His excellency will see you again some time to-day. He is quite anxious about Crane."

Tom waited about the camp all day long, wondering if he would again get a chance to see the commander-in-chief. Late in the afternoon the general's orderly came to him and said:

"Come with me. The general wishes to see you."

He went with him and in a few minutes he stood in the presence of Washington again.

The general looked at him in silence for some moments and remarked:

"Better a blow than a bullet or blade."

"Yes, sir, a thousand times," replied Tom.

"We have to submit to the fortunes of war. Victory sometimes hangs in the balance. I am very anxious about Crane. He is one of our best men, and I would like to hear whether he yet lives. If you will kindly give General Knox an exact description of your mother's house, I'll see if some man will volunteer to go over there and find out about him. I want to send some gold to your mother to pay her for her services, and to buy medicine for him if he still lives."

"General, I can find out all that for you," said Tom.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"By swimming over in the night."

"But the shore is lined with sentinels."

"Yes. But there is a space of 400 feet at the foot of our garden where they never go. I can land there unseen if the night is dark."

"But how can you find it in the dark?" The tide may take you above or below it."

"True, but I can find it by means of objects alongshore, as they are familiar to me."

"How far can you swim?"

"Miles and miles. I don't know how many."

The general remained in deep thought for some moments and then asked:

"You really think you can go over and safely?"

"I do."

"Why did you not come that way?"

"I never thought of it. I was thinking this morning how I would get back, and I thought of this plan."

"I think it is a good one," said the general. "But you must understand, my dear young friend, that this is in no sense

a command of mine. Such dangerous work is always done by men of their own volition. No commander has the moral right to order a soldier on such duty. Men volunteer for such service. It is dangerous. Capture means a disgraceful death. Do you understand all that?"

"Yes, general."

"And you are willing to do and dare all for the cause?"

"I am. I hate the king, and all his soldiers."

"Then you can call on General Knox for final instructions, when you are ready to start. You have done us a wonderful service in the last forty-eight hours. Good-by, and may heaven be with you," and he extended his hand to Tom as he spoke.

Tom grasped his hand and kissed it. He worshipped the grand man, on whom centered all the hopes of the patriots of America.

Then he turned and left the presence of the commander-in-chief.

A little before sunset he reported to General Knox.

"Ah, yes. Come into my quarters. I want to talk to you," and he led the way into a room, when the general closed the door.

"You are going to run a great risk, Roland, and the chances of success are much against you. They may have spies around the house waiting for you. If you care to give it up we will think none the less of you for so doing."

"I don't care to back out, general," he said. "I ain't that kind of a boy. I came to you for final instructions."

"Very well, then. In the first place, if Crane is still alive tell him that the general sends him congratulations on his good work and prays for his recovery. Then here is some gold for his necessities, which you give to your mother to pay for board and medicines. If he dies, tell her to bury him in the sea if he cannot be buried on land without discovery. The dead cannot be harmed; the living can. Now go, and may heaven be with you. Good-by," and he extended his hand to him as Washington had done. Tom shook it cordially, and then turned away in silence.

Half an hour later he was trudging along the road that led northward from Amboy.

Tom succeeded in swimming the channel, found Crane was alive, gave the money to his mother, and started back to headquarters. When he crossed the channel he ran full tilt into a party of British. They recognized him and set out after him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF POINSETT.

As Tom darted away the young British officer sung out:

"Catch him, men!"

The whole batch of them started in hot pursuit.

But ere they ran fifty paces they found themselves in the clutches of a party of Continentals, who covered them with their muskets and sung out:

"Throw down your arms!"

They were so thunderstruck that every man of them threw down his gun and stood still as statues.

"Pick up those guns, Molloy," said a sergeant in command to an Irishman in his party.

"That I will, sergeant, dear," said Molloy. "Faith, an' there isn't so many as they were after dropping at Monmouth, but it's all they've got, bad cess ter 'em," and he picked up the guns and moved them out of the way.

Poinsett, the spy, was among the British and was ashened in the face.

He saw that fate had overtaken him. He made up his mind that it was better to die there, shot to death, than to be hanged as a spy.

He made a sudden spring at Tom and drew a dagger. Tom was taken unawares, and the next moment the dagger would have been buried to the hilt in his breast had not one of the old Continentals caught the upraised hand that held it.

Then came a desperate struggle. The foiled spy was fighting for his life, and he had the energy and strength of two ordinary men.

He didn't utter a word in his struggle, but fought like a man, hoping some one would be forced to blow out his brains.

Two others seized him, however, and bound him.

He was a helpless prisoner at last, and then he upbraided the redcoats for not fighting.

"Had you fought 'em!" he said, "we could have whipped 'em. We are made prisoners in sight of the sentinels over there. Curses on you for cowards!"

"You would all have been killed," said the old sergeant. "But that is what you wanted, I guess."

He said no more, and the old sergeant ordered the muskets to be taken up and carried along. The prisoners were placed under guard. Poinsett was bound and led by the old sergeant himself.

When they reached the camp, the greatest excitement prevailed among the old Continentals. They crowded around to see who it was of their number had been the traitor.

"Why, that's Peter Mann!" cried an old veteran. "He fought by my side at Monmouth! Somebody has made a mistake. Comrade, there's my hand," and he extended his hand to the spy.

"No, Jerry," said Poinsett. "I am a king's man and I have done my duty to my king. I am discovered, and that boy has been my death."

"I wouldn't have believed it from any one but you," said the Continental. "I want nothing to do with a traitor," and he turned away from him.

The others crowded around to see him, and Tom kept his eyes opened for any secret expressions of sympathy. But he did not see any.

The face of one man in the uniform of the Continentals attracted his attention, though. He saw a glance of intense hate in his eyes, and inwardly suspected that he was another man after Poinsett's style.

He turned to the old sergeant who had become strangely attached to him and said:

"Find out where that man belongs. I am suspicious of him."

The old sergeant followed him and found out the regiment, company and mess the man belonged to.

The prisoners were taken in charge by the proper officers, and Tom was about to go in quest of General Knox when a tap on his shoulder caused him to turn around quickly to see who it was.

It was General Graham.

"You have done noble work to-day, my young friend," said the general. "You have laid me under a heavy obligation to you. I want to make a suggestion to you. Lieutenant Wakely has connections in official circles in the army and in the Continental Congress, which amounts to a vast influence. You have made him a mortal enemy by the insults you heaped upon him to-day. If you will go to him and make up with him you will find it vastly to your interest in the future."

"I beg your pardon, general," he said, "but I'd see him in the bottomless pit before I'd condescend to shake hands with him. He hasn't as much brains as a monkey, and——"

"Yes, we all know that, and it's why he is on duty about headquarters. You are the lion of the hour now. Your name is on every man's tongue in camp. You can afford to let him alone."

"Oh, I am not going to bother with him."

"But he'll be tried by court-martial to-morrow, and you'll be required to tell your side of the story and——"

"Then I'll tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth," said he. "I told General Knox this morning what the trouble was. I can't take that back, can I?"

"No, but you can let the committee see that you don't care anything about it, and that, perhaps, the fault was partly yours, too."

"Not much, general," and Tom shook his head. "I am going to tell the straight truth of the matter."

"The guards who were present will contradict you and lay the blame mostly on you."

"The thunder they will!"

"Yes. You see the influence of his connection in the army?"

"Well, I'll give them the lie if they do," and his eyes blazed as the general went on trying to persuade him to look at the matter from his standpoint.

But Tom was not to be persuaded. He was angry with the young officer and was not going to do anything to make it easy for him.

In the meantime General Washington sent for him at his headquarters.

"I wanted to thank you for what you have done for the cause of liberty, my young friend," said the commander-in-chief, "and also to ask you whether or not you were ac-

quainted with a number of families on the island who are true to our cause?"

"Yes, your excellency. I know quite a number of them."

"Can you give their names and some idea as to which part of the island they live on? It is important that we have this information."

"I think I can," and he proceeded to name over a number of families, and the places where they lived.

They were written down as fast as they were given.

"Be sure that you give none but those who are our friends," said the commander-in-chief, looking across the little table at him.

"I am leaving out every one about whom I have any doubts, your excellency," Tom replied.

"That is right," and the making up of the list went on.

Suddenly General Knox asked:

"Do you know Alvah Sprague over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How does he stand?"

"He is rich, and very friendly with the redcoats. But Betty, his daughter, is true blue. She hates them like poison."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. She told my sister that she wished General Washington would drive every redcoat into the sea."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, she is here in camp, and we have kept a watch on her, as we suspect her of being a spy for the enemy."

"Oh, she isn't a spy," said Tom. "I'd stake my life on that. How did she get here? What is she after?"

"She came over in a boat, but she says she did not intend to come; that the wind and tide were against her. She wants to go back, but she has seen so much that we hesitate about letting her go. She is stopping with my wife at Mr. Judson's residence."

CHAPTER VIII.

BETTY SPRAGUE IN THE CAMP.

What General Knox told him concerning Betty Sprague very much surprised Tom. He had known her all his life as a very beautiful girl. She was an only child, and her father's broad acres and large stone house caused her to be looked upon as the most desirable young lady on the island.

Tom and Rachel often met and talked with her. She was not in the least disposed to hold herself aloof from them simply because they were poor, hence they both liked her.

"May I go to see her?" he asked of General Knox.

"Yes, of course, and when you have done so tell me whether you think we can trust her."

Tom lost no time in reaching the residence of Mr. Judson.

The family there didn't know him, and not until Betty came to the door and recognized him would they admit him to the house.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, on seeing him, "have they got you here, too?"

"Yes, I am here," he replied. "But how came you here?"

"Oh, it's too funny for anything," and she laughed heartily as she proceeded to tell how she had managed to pay an involuntary trip to Amboy.

"When are you going back?" he asked her.

"I don't know. They won't let me go back, it seems."

"Why, have they refused to let you go?" he asked, as if very much surprised.

"Yes, but very kindly. What in the world I am to do I don't know," and then she burst into tears.

"Maybe they think you might tell the British officers something about the camp here," suggested Tom.

"Oh! I hate 'em! I wouldn't tell them a thing to save their lives! I hate the king, and I love my country. You know I am a Whig, Tom Roland."

"Yes, I always thought you were," Tom said. "But your father is very intimate with British officers."

"Yes, but that's because he wants to save his property," and then she cried still more, as if her heart would break.

"Miss Betty," said Tom, taking her hand from her face. "Tell me what the trouble is. I know you can handle a boat too well to believe that the wind and tide brought you over

here against your will. Tell me all about it. I won't betray you."

She looked at him through her tears, as if very much surprised.

"You don't believe me, Tom?" she asked.

"Come, come, Miss Betty!" and he held her hand in his. "What is it? You can row as well as I can, and you know it. Rachel told me that you hated the redcoat officer who was paying you so much attention. Didn't you just run away from home to get away from him?"

"Yes, I did!" and her tears came afresh now. "My father was going to force me to marry Colonel Edwards, and so I just rowed right over here. But when they brought me up to headquarters my heart failed me, and I told that story. Oh, I wish I was dead!"

"Why, Miss Betty!" said he, taking both her hands in his. "If they knew the truth here they would all be your friends and stand by you to the last. Tell General Knox's wife all about it, and she'll tell the general, and the whole Continental army will stand ready to defend you."

"Do you know General Knox?"

"Yes, and General Washington, too."

"Are you actually acquainted with them?"

"Yes."

"The king's officers over there all say that you are suspected of being a rebel."

Tom laughed and said:

"They are right. I am against the king from first to last," and he looked out of the window and saw General Knox coming toward the house.

He turned to her and said:

"The general is coming. Go and tell Mrs. Knox your story and I'll make it all right with him."

She left the room just as the general came in.

"Ah, you are here, I see," the latter said. "What do you think of the case now that you have talked with her?"

"She is all right, general," he replied. "She ran away from home because her father was trying to persuade her to marry Colonel Edwards, of the king's army."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. When she was taken in hand here and escorted to headquarters, she became frightened, and told the story she gave you."

The general laughed and said:

"Just like a foolish girl. She does not want to return home, then?"

"I don't think she does, though she does not know what to do. I guess she has no money with which to pay board, and that's what is troubling her."

"I'll see Mrs. Knox about it," and he excused himself and went into another room to see his wife. Tom waited, and in a little while he heard Betty sobbing, and Mrs. Knox trying to soothe her.

The general came in again and said:

"She owns up; and Mrs. Knox is going to take charge of her."

"I am glad to hear that, sir. She is a good girl, and true blue."

"Yes; for she has already given me proof of that in a bit of news she told me. But you are wanted at the court-martial. Peter Mann is to be tried this morning."

"He confesses, does he not?"

"He made some admission when brought in last night, but we don't know what he will do before the court."

"He will be hanged, won't he?"

"Yes, if convicted. There are two to be tried—both caught by you. Then Lieutenant Wakely's case will come up."

"What ought I to do in that case, general?" Tom asked.

"He insulted me grossly, yet I have been asked to tell my story in such a way as to put much of the blame on myself."

"Just tell the straight truth," said the general. "I'll be there and hear it all."

Tom left the house without seeing Betty Sprague again, and went direct to the place where the court-martial was being held.

The court was just organizing, and the two prisoners were on hand under a strong guard.

The man captured in camp was the first one put on trial.

Tom swore that he had often seen him on the island in the uniform of a British soldier, and that he had recognized him in camp, where he was disguised as a Continental soldier. Others then told of his capture and the threats he made against Roland and his mother and sister.

The man then told his story. But it was so improbable that he hurt his case more than he aided it.

Then came Poinsett's case.

Tom told his story as it is now known to the reader. But he could not say that he was the man who met the Britons at the place where they landed. Nor could he swear that he was the man who led them to the farm-house where General Graham was lodging.

But he told what Poinsett had said to him when he met him on the log the next morning. He told how he had made him believe he was a king's man—how he concealed him in the bushes—how he found him with the British soldiers when he returned, and what passed between them.

His story was graphically told and every one held his breath to listen.

"Have you anything to say?" the president of the court asked.

"No—only to ask my colonel there, and Captain Armstrong if I was not a good soldier since my enlistment four months ago."

"That is admitted and duly considered," said the president. "But what explanation have you to make as to the events of last night?"

"None whatever. I am a victim of circumstances."

"You had better tell us all the circumstances. Your life hangs in the balance."

"Yes, I know that. I have nothing more to say."

The court found both men guilty, and were sent back to the guard-house to await execution.

Then the case of Lieutenant Wakely was called.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM GETS IN A RAGE.

Neglect of duty and conduct unbecoming an officer were the two charges against the lieutenant.

They had been preferred by General Knox, much to the surprise of the lieutenant and his friends, who supposed that young Roland had presented them.

Tom was called on to tell his story, and he did so in a plain, straightforward way.

A Captain Lewis was there to defend the young lieutenant. He began questioning Tom in a way to confuse him, and General Knox remarked:

"We will not permit you to badger the witness, Captain Lewis."

"I wish to show the court that this witness is unreliable—in fact, has not told the truth," said the captain.

"Where are your witnesses?"

"They are here, and I will put the lieutenant himself on the stand."

"Very well. Do so in a manly way and don't try to confuse a youth by a multiplicity of words."

Lieutenant Wakely then testified that Roland had lied, and that he did not refuse to send in to the general, but because he did not jump and run to do so the fellow became abusive.

"Stop right there, lieutenant," said General Knox. "Did you not admit to me that you did refuse to do so, as you did not think it your duty to interrupt me at the request of everybody that came along?"

The lieutenant was silent and pale as death.

"Will you answer the question?" the general asked.

"I think you misunderstood me, general," he answered.

"I may have misunderstood your meaning, but those were your words. How did you wish me to understand you?"

He made all sorts of explanations and sought to throw the blame on Tom and the sentinel.

"But you admitted to me that you did refuse," persisted the general, "and it was on that admission that I ordered your arrest. Have you any witnesses to sustain your side of the story?"

Captain Lewis called up two old soldiers who were present. One of them had himself admitted to the general that the lieutenant had refused and ordered Tom away.

The general spoiled his evidence by reminding him of his admissions to him, and the other one was even in a worse plight.

Captain Lewis then made a speech to the court, dwelling on the high character of the Wakely family, and ridiculing the idea that the word of such a lout as young Roland should

be believed as against that of a Wakely. Tom became so impatient that he blurted out:

"Nobody believes him or you! You are both liars and cowards!"

"Silence!" thundered the president of the court.

"Silence him!" said Tom, "or I'll do it myself. He is a liar and a coward!"

General Knox quietly arose and took him by the arm, saying:

"You are excited, my young friend. Come with me."

Tom went with him, but at the door he looked back and sung out:

"You are a liar and a coward!"

General Knox pulled him out.

"You must learn to control your temper, young man."

"I can't do it when a man tries to make me out a liar before my face. I'll make him take it back or thrash him!"

"You must not strike an officer in camp. You would be hanged for it."

"I don't belong to the army. I'll knock his teeth down his throat!"

The general saw that he was in a terrible rage, and said:

"Wait till you hear the verdict of the court-martial. Wakely will be found guilty. That should be satisfaction enough for you."

Tom quieted down and went to headquarters to wait to hear from the court.

As the general had directed, Lieutenant Wakely was found guilty. He was suspended from the army for six months, much to the surprise of those who believed so much in the influence of his family and friends.

Captain Lewis came by and Tom glared at him. The captain was so crestfallen over the verdict that he did not notice him.

That evening Tom called on Betty Sprague at the residence of the Judsons, where she was stopping with Mrs. Knox.

"Oh! Tom," she said on seeing him again, "Mrs. Knox has just been telling me that you are more talked about in camp now than even the general. Why did you not tell me what you had had been doing when you were here this morning?"

He laughed and said:

"I can't blow my own horn."

"No, but you could have told me without blowing any horn."

"I was afraid you'd laugh at me for talking about myself. What did she tell you?"

"She said you had killed two or three men and had caught two spies who are to be executed in a few days. Is it true, Tom?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"Does your mother and Rachel know of it?"

"I don't think they do. I don't want them to know it. They would be worried about me."

"Well, one would never think a sixteen-year-old boy could do what you have done. Why, you are not as old as I am, Tom."

"No, but I am a good deal stronger."

"Yes. Oh, I am so proud of you, Tom! Are you going over to the island soon?"

"Yes—in a day or two."

"Will you take a letter from me to my mother?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you are so good! I'll write and tell her where I am and why I am here. She must be grieving herself to death, for none of them knows where I am."

"Let me go to her and tell her all about it, instead of taking a letter," he suggested.

"Why?"

"Because if I am caught and the letter is found on me it would be proof that I had been here. It would cause them to hang me as a spy."

"Oh, I wouldn't have them do that for anything in the world. Yes, tell her everything, and say I won't return home till Colonel Edwards leaves the island."

After some little talk further, Tom took leave of her and went back to the quarters to which he had been assigned by General Knox.

That evening he slipped out of camp and went over to the spot opposite his home, and prepared to make the swim across to the island.

He hid his coat and shoes in the same log which he had formerly used for that purpose, and then waded into the water.

There was no trouble in getting across to the other side.

He landed at the foot of the garden and crawled up out of the mud very slowly, so as not to attract attention from any of the guards. As he was passing up toward the house, through the garden, he had to pass under a tree. As he did so a big redcoated sentinel reached out and, catching him by the collar, said, sternly:

"Halt! You are my prisoner!"

He was too dumfounded to make any resistance, and so he stood still in his tracks.

The sentinel chuckled and said:

"I've got you at last."

"Yes," said Tom. "I am caught."

"So you are. Come on with me," and with his grip on his collar he strode off toward the house with him.

Tom thought of his danger—the terror of his mother and sister and then of his dagger.

The big sentinel seemed to have no fears of any resistance from him. He depended on his size and great strength to land his prisoner.

Tom drew his dagger and plunged it three times to the hilt in the redcoat's breast ere the latter let go of him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" came from him at each blow, and then he staggered and fell to the ground.

"That ends you!" said Tom to himself. "I wonder if there are any more of them around here? I'll see if you have any of the sinews of war about you," and he searched the clothes of the dead sentinel to see what he had.

He found a few gold coins and quickly transferred them to his pocket.

As he rose to his feet he heard the ominous click-click of a half dozen muskets being cocked, and a stern voice cry out:

"Halt, or we fire!"

To be captured meant death.

He made a dash for the tree, and the next moment a half dozen muskets broke the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER X.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

In the darkness Tom got behind the tree just as the muskets belched forth their leaden messengers.

Six bullets were imbedded in the tree. Tom groaned as though badly hit and darted away, going across the garden and escaping through a crack in the fence.

"That settled him!" he heard one of the redcoats say.

"Maybe it did, and maybe it didn't," he muttered to himself, as he slipped through the fence and made his way up the hill. "But it came very near it. They are after me now, and I shall have to be very careful or they may get me. They must have heard of Poinsett's arrest, and are now trying to get me into their clutches. Heavens! but they would hang me if they once got me in their power."

He stopped up on the hill and listened.

He knew that the guard line was along the water front, and that he was in no danger of being molested where he was.

The sentinels who had fired at him ran forward to see if he had fallen.

One of them fell over the body of the soldier who had first caught him, and he said:

"Here he is—dead as a herring."

"Ah! That ends the young rebel, then," said one of the others.

"What a pity we did not get him alive so that he might adorn a limb," remarked another.

A woman rushed out of the house and joined them, gasping out:

"Have you murdered my boy?"

"There he is on the ground, the young traitor!" said one of the brutes.

With a groan she knelt by the dead Briton and laid a hand on his face.

She caught her breath and felt the face with both hands.

"This is not my son!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

"Eh, eh! Who is he? Bring a light here!"

One of them rushed to the house and soon returned with a light.

The discovery filled them with horror, for they believed at the moment that they had shot him by mistake.

"Thank heaven! Thank heaven!" ejaculated the widow, as the truth flashed upon her.

"This is a terrible mistake, comrades," said a sergeant. "Madam, go back to the house and thank heaven that we do not burn it down over your head."

She ran back to the house and found Rachel pale and speechless, expecting the worst.

"It is not Tom!" she said. "They shot and killed one of their own men in the dark."

"Oh, oh!" and she burst into tears—tears of joy. Tom was safe, and that was all she wanted to know.

She believed that Tom was shrewd enough to take care of himself, and at once said to her mother:

"Don't worry. Brother can take care of himself. They won't get him. He knows every spot on the island. I don't believe he has come over at all."

"Hush-sh! they are coming!" and they waited and listened.

The soldiers were bringing their unfortunate comrade's body to the house. They brought him into the sitting-room and laid him on the lounge, just under the front window.

The mother and daughter dared not object. They could say nothing that would have any weight with the redcoats.

Suddenly the sergeant exclaimed:

"Comrades, he was not shot at all! He was stabbed! Look there, and there!" and he pointed to the cuts in the breast of the red uniform.

They crowded around the body and looked at the cuts.

The coat was unbuttoned and the wound examined.

The nature of his taking off was plain to them now.

"I am sorry he is gone," said the sergeant, "but glad he didn't fall by our hands."

"Yes," said the other. "I am too."

The sergeant turned to the window and said:

"Madam, this is the work of your traitorous son! If we take him alive he shall hang!"

She only wrung her hands.

"You are not a man to speak thus to a mother!" said Rachel.

"The mother of traitors deserves no sympathy," he harshly replied.

"We don't ask any sympathy. We hate the king and all his soldiers. We don't want any sympathy from——"

"Young woman, you are very bold," said the sergeant.

"I am not bold. I am indignant over your brutality. It is such conduct as yours that sends brave men to Washington's aid."

"Hush, child, hush!" said her mother.

"I am not afraid to speak my mind to them, mother. The man who would tell a mother he would hang her son if he caught him is worse than a brute. He is a coward!" and her eyes blazed as she confronted the sergeant and denounced him.

"You are a woman, or I'd thrash you," hissed the sergeant, in a rage.

"I have a brother—there are hundreds of others like him just over on the other side of the channel. If you want to find men to fight, go over there. Maybe you met some of them at Monmouth?"

At that moment a signal was heard from the outside, and they all rushed out to see what it meant.

Mrs. Roland and Rachel then went into their bedroom and closed the door. They did not come out again till the next morning.

In the meantime Tom went on over the hill towards the Sprague farm. He decided that as he could not go to his mother's he would go there.

"Mrs. Sprague won't betray me," he said to himself, "particularly as I bring her news from Betty. I'll take the chances on it, anyhow," and he made his way to the house.

It was not very late. Yet he could see that the servants of the family had retired, and that lights remained in but two of the rooms, one of which he knew to be Mrs. Sprague's bedroom.

He went to the house and stood under the window a few moments, wondering how he would manage to see Betty's mother. Suddenly the window was raised and the voice of Mr. Sprague was heard saying:

"No, wife, I cannot believe that she has been drowned. Heaven surely would not give us such a blow. I may be a mad man, but you have always been a good woman, wife and mother."

Tom heard a woman sobbing.

He could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Sprague! Mr. Sprague!" he called as loudly as he dared to.

"Who calls?" demanded Sprague, leaning out of the window and trying to peer into the darkness.

"Tom Roland," was the reply. "I come from Betty. Open the door and let me come in."

"Heaven bless me, wife! Did you hear that? Tom Roland has come with news of our Betty!" and he rushed to the side door to let him in.

Tom went in, and the door was closed.

"You are wet from head to foot," said the old man, as Tom came into the room where the light was.

"Yes. I had to swim the channel to get here," and then he walked into the next room where Mrs. Sprague was seated, propped up in a big armchair.

"Mrs. Sprague," he said, "I have just come from Betty. She is in Amboy with the wife of General Knox, and is well."

She could not speak for joy. But she reached out a hand to him. He took it and felt her pulling him to her as if she would whisper to him.

He leaned over and she kissed him—a mother's silent expression of gratitude for what he had told her.

Then, woman-like, she burst into tears. She had been weeping for two days in an all-devouring grief. Now they were tears of joy.

The old man was made of sterner stuff. He came to Tom, laid a hand on his shoulder and said:

"I know you are a brave, truthful boy, Tom. Tell us all about it, now."

"Are there any British officers in the house?" Tom asked.

"No. Colonel Edwards left an hour ago. Nobody in the house but the servants, and even they have retired."

"Please close the blinds of that window there. To be captured by the redcoats means hanging for me."

"Yes. I have heard them telling some wonderful stories about you, my boy," said the old man, "but I laughed at them. I told them that you were but a sixteen-year-old boy and that you were not going about tearing men to pieces like a roaring lion. But tell us about our Betty—tell us all about her."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPRAGUES AND THE SPY.

Tom looked at the half-fainting mother in the armchair and saw that she was gazing eagerly at him to catch the words he should utter.

"Betty is safe and well," he said. "She sent me here to tell you so, and to tell you not to worry about her. General Knox's wife has charge of her. She rowed over there to escape marrying Colonel Edwards."

"Ah!" and the old man seemed not a little bit surprised.

"She says she will not marry him, and that she will not return to the island until he has gone away."

The old man scowled.

"The ungrateful hussy!" he exclaimed. "She deliberately throws away a coronet."

"Maybe she doesn't want a coronet," suggested Tom.

"She doesn't know what she wants," the old man returned.

"She seems to know what she doesn't want," remarked Tom.

"She says she doesn't want the colonel and won't have him. She is the rankest kind of a Liberty lass, too."

"Eh! What! A rebel?"

"Yes, sir, a rank little Washington girl. She hates a red-coat the worst of any girl I ever saw."

Mr. Sprague looked at his wife as though he could not quite understand how such things could be.

The mother, too happy over the good news that had come to her, looked up at her husband and smiled. Said she:

"Betty has conceived a most intense admiration for Washington. She often told me she wished he would beat the king's soldiers and drive them into the sea."

"Well, well! To think I should have a rebel in my family!" said the old man.

"What does it amount to?" his wife asked. "She is but a girl, and can't fight the king's troops. They are in no danger from her. She told you that she would die before she would marry Colonel Edwards. She is your child and has got some of your temper, I guess."

The old man was silent for some moments, and then he turned to Tom and asked:

"When are you going back to Amboy?"

"I am going to try to get back there before morning. I

wanted to see my mother, but they have got a guard all around the house—to catch me, I suppose.”

“Yes, they have some very bad news of you, I am sorry to say,” said Mr. Sprague. “You have brought a good deal of trouble on your mother and sister by your disloyalty to the king.”

“The king has brought trouble on all the land by his treachery. We intend to drive his troops out of the country, and—”

The old man laughed.

“My dear child,” he said, laying a hand on his shoulder, “it is worse than absurd to dream that the rebels can whip England. England is one of the great powers of Europe, and—”

“Yet, after three years, the king’s troops are cooped up in New York and on Staten Island,” said Tom, interrupting him. “This country is larger than all Europe. England can’t send men enough to hold it. She can’t conquer a people determined to be free.”

The old man looked at him in no little surprise. He knew that Tom had a pretty good education, and that Rachel was an unusually bright girl. But he did not dream that he had the reasoning power his words indicated. Their force struck him vividly, and he was silent for some minutes.

“I will go and see your mother, Tom, or send for her, early to-morrow morning,” said Mrs. Sprague, speaking after a long silence.

“Thanks, ma’am,” said Tom. “I wish you would, and tell her that I am unhurt and well. I was caught there in the garden to-night, and had to kill the sentinel in order to get away.”

“Eh! Eh! Killed a king’s soldier?” exclaimed the old man.

“Yes, sir. I had to. A half dozen fired at me, and I had to run away.”

“It is bad business—bad business,” said the old man, shaking his head.

“War is bad business all around,” said Tom. “It means destruction of property and human life. I did not intend to go into it, but circumstances have forced me into the most dangerous phase of it. I am now being hunted for all along the west side of the island and threats of hanging are freely made in case of my capture.”

Mrs. Sprague then spoke up and said:

“You may be captured if you go out to-night. If you wait till to-morrow night they will think you have already gone and not be so vigilant.”

“But I can’t hide on the island in the daytime, I fear. Everybody knows me.”

“You can stay here locked up in a room upstairs. No one would suspect you of being here.”

Tom looked at the old man and asked:

“Can I stay? It rests with you, sir.”

“Yes. I will not harbor you myself. It is her work; but I will see that your presence here is not found out.”

“Thank you, sir. When the king’s troops are driven out of the country I will say that you befriended a patriot spy, and thus save you from the wrath of the people.”

The old man laughed again, and then showed him up to a garret-room, where he locked him in.

Tom threw off his wet clothes and hung them up to dry, whilst he slept on a bed in a corner of the room.

It was so warm that he needed no covering, and when he awoke the next morning he found his clothes dry.

He dressed himself and waited for some one to bring him water and something to eat.

“They won’t leave me here to starve,” he said, as he sat by the little garret window and looked out over the broad acres of the Sprague family.

After a while he heard a key turn in the lock, and the door opened. Mrs. Sprague came in with a pitcher of water and a hot breakfast for him.

“I had to wait for the servant to leave the dining-room,” she said to him, as she placed the breakfast on a little table in a corner of the room. “While you are eating I will send a note to your sister, asking her to call here at once, as I am very anxious to see her. Do you think she will come?”

“Yes, ma’am. She will suspect the truth at once.”

“Very well. Keep quiet where you are, and you will be safe,” and she turned and left the room.

An hour later he heard her coming up again. Some one was with her.

The door opened, and his sister Rachel came in.

She flew to his arms.

“Oh, brother! They vow they will catch and hang you!” she sobbed.

“Yes, so I hear, but they have got to catch me before they can hang me. haven’t they?”

“Yes, and we are so afraid they may.”

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE OLD TORY’S HOUSE.

Giving the two chairs in the room to Rachel and Mrs. Sprague, Tom sat on the edge of the bed whilst talking to them.

He told his sister the story of his adventures since he had seen her last.

She was dumfounded.

She could understand now why the redcoats were so eager to capture him.

“Did you come to the house last night?” she asked.

“Yes, and I had to kill one of them before I could get away. They fired at me, but I guess the tree in the garden got the bullets—I didn’t.”

“Yes. There are six bullets in the tree, now,” and then she told what had happened there after that.

Here Mrs. Sprague had to go downstairs to see that none of the servants came upstairs to that floor.

Tom was glad to be alone with his sister. He took a seat close by her side and asked her how Crane was getting along.

“He is getting well fast,” she said, “but he is anxious to get away. He says that if his presence there becomes known the king’s men will burn down the house and hang him. He has no fears for himself, but is afraid he may be the cause of bringing trouble on us.”

“He is right. They would hang him as a spy, and also burn down the house. I shall feel easier when he is away.”

“But how in the world can he hope to get along? They keep a strong guard around the place all the time in hopes of catching you. Oh, Tom! If they should catch you, mother would lie right down and die.”

“Which would be very foolish. I am as slippery as any eel and born lucky. If they catch me, I can give ’em the slip. But I am not going to let ’em catch me. Did Mrs. Sprague tell you about Betty?”

“Yes. I could hardly believe she had so much grit. I am glad she went away.”

“She sent no end of love to you. But look here. Is Crane able to sit up?”

“Yes, but he hardly dares to move about for fear the soldiers will hear him. He can hear them talking every day. He vows he’ll kill Sergeant Combs as soon as he regains his strength.”

“What has he got against him?”

“He has been impudent to mother and me.”

“Ah! Maybe I’ll get a chance to settle with him some night.”

“Now, look here, brother. Mother told me to tell you not to attempt to come to the house any more. We both suspected you were here when we got Mrs. Sprague’s note. She dared not leave the house, so I had to come.”

“I shall keep away and try to get the news started that I have been killed or drowned. Tell her not to believe anything of the kind. That will draw the guards away then, maybe.”

“But don’t attempt to come to see us for a month, at least. Send word to us when you can, but keep away.”

After a couple of hours she took leave of him and went away.

An hour later Mrs. Sprague came up to tell him that General Howe would dine with them that evening.

“You will be pretty close to him,” she said. “But he will never dream that such a person as you could be within a mile of the house.”

“It wouldn’t do for me to go in and introduce myself?” he asked, laughing.

“No, of course not. He might order you to be hanged at once. He is a very stern soldier, they say.”

“I think Washington a much better soldier.”

She replied that Washington was undoubtedly a great soldier, and then went out, after leaving some books for him to read during the day.

“Well—well!” said Tom to himself, when she was gone.

"Lord Howe and I guests of the same house! I wonder what he would think if he knew a spy from Washington's camp was under the same roof with him?"

He spent the day reading, and late in the afternoon he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the yard, and knew that the British general and some of his staff had arrived.

He could not resist the temptation to take a peep at him as he dismounted in front of the house.

The general was a middle-aged man, whose hair was slightly tinged with gray, and had a very soldierly bearing.

He entered the house and was greeted cordially by Mr. Sprague and his wife.

Tom could hear the sound of voices in the rooms below, but could not make out what they were saying.

Yet he listened in order to see if he could catch anything of importance.

Once or twice he caught the name of Washington on General Howe's lips. Then he heard the name of Knox and Betty Sprague.

But the conversation dragged on and war topics were dropped.

By and by the party adjourned to the dining-room, and as is the English fashion even to this day, they lingered long at the table discussing the wine.

During the meal a terrific rainstorm came up. The repeated rolls of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning were followed by a perfect deluge. It continued hour after hour, and at last the British commander made up his mind to pass the night there.

Tom came out of his room and looked down the flight of garret stairs to the floor below. There was no light on his floor, hence he had no fear of being seen.

He saw Mrs. Sprague and a servant go into the main spare room on the right at the foot of the stairs.

The mistress told the servant the general would occupy the room, and that she must see that it was in proper condition for him.

In a few moments he saw them both leave the room to go downstairs and announce that it was ready for him.

"Now is my chance," said Tom, and the next moment he slipped down the stairs into the room and concealed himself under the bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPY AND THE BRITISH GENERAL.

The daring young spy had not been concealed under the bed ten minutes ere he heard footsteps advancing.

He listened, and soon found that Mr. Sprague, the host, had escorted his distinguished guest to the room.

The host and guest were both in a jolly humor, as they had indulged pretty freely in wine at the table. The host apologized for the poor appearance of his room. The general interrupted him with:

"My dear sir, it is as comfortable as the king's palace, and I have no doubt but that I shall sleep as soundly as ever did his majesty."

"I hope so, my lord! I hope so!"

"I hope when next you hear from your daughter she may be in a repentant mood and quite willing to listen to the suit of Colonel Edwards."

"Thanks, my lord. I am much distressed for fear she may become infested with the treason of those around her."

"I hope not. You are too good a king's man for her to become a Whig. I think she will remain true to the cause of the king. By the way, I am told that the Widow Roland's son, who lives down by the water on the west side, has gone over there and become quite a hero among them. Is it true that he is a youth of but sixteen?"

"It is true, my lord. I have known him from his cradle. He is a very brave youth and does not know what fear is."

"So I have heard. I have given orders for a strict watch for him. He has betrayed two of our spies over there, and the sooner we put him out of the way the better it will be for our brave fellows over that way. Does your daughter know him?"

"Yes, my lord. They have known each other from infancy."

They conversed a while longer and then the host retired and left the guest alone.

The general took off his sword and stood it in a corner of

the room. Then he proceeded to undress in a leisurely way for the bed.

Tom peered out from under the bed at him.

His back was turned toward the bed.

Tom crawled out, drew his dagger and tripped over by his side.

"My lord!" he said.

The general turned quickly and saw the terrible dagger in his right hand.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he asked, making a hard effort to appear calm.

"I am Tom Roland, the widow's son," replied Tom. "I saw you come in here this evening, and made up my mind to pay you a visit."

"I'll have you hanged for your treason and impudence!" hissed the Briton.

"Indeed, you will not. I hold your life in my hands. If you attempt resistance or make a noise I'll end your career right here. Everybody else in the house have gone to bed. We can have a little quiet talk all by ourselves. You have heard that I am a bad boy, and it may be that I am. I love my country, my mother and my sister as I love my own life."

"What do you want of me?" the general asked.

"I am going to make a trade with you, and——"

"Trade with me?"

"Yes, my lord. She is a poor widow. You represent the I am sure you will be pleased."

"A proposition at the point of a dagger?"

"These are war times, my lord, and I happen to hold the vantage ground. I propose to spare your life to-night upon one condition."

"Ah! What is that? You wish me to surrender my army to——"

"No, my lord. I simply wish you to give me your word of honor that no more guards shall be placed on my mother's premises."

"Ah!" and a sneer appeared on his face.

"Yes, my lord. She is a poor widow. You represent the might of England. It is cowardly to so harass a woman. Take your guards away or I'll take your life. Which shall it be, my lord?"

The general looked at him full in the eyes and saw that the youth was fully capable of doing as he threatened.

"Would you kill a man in cold blood? Are you capable of murder?"

"You are the enemy of my country. You are engaged in butchering our people. You have armed and sent out savage bands of Indians who kill and scalp mothers and beat out the brains of infants against trees. Yes, I am capable of cutting you up by piecemeal, my lord. Very capable of it and would rather do it than not. I can commit no atrocity that can equal many that have been committed by your soldiers and by your approval. What say you, my lord? Do you give me your promise?"

"What do you wish me to do?"

"To call away the guards on my mother's premises and permit no more to be placed there," repeated Tom. "You can put them anywhere in the neighborhood you see fit, but not on her premises."

"Do you believe I would keep such a promise made under such circumstances?"

"Yes. I believe you have some sense of honor about you. It is to save your life. You will give me your signet ring to bind the promise."

The general stood silent for some moments and then said:

"I'll give the promise and keep the ring."

"That will not do. I must have the ring, my lord."

"Why?"

"As a proof of our interview. I will not betray you unless you refuse to keep your promise."

The general slowly removed the ring from his finger and gave it to him.

"Now, give me your promise to cease molesting my mother, my lord."

It was given and Tom said:

"It is well. I am satisfied. I'll leave you now. If you raise an outcry as I leave you will only betray yourself. I am but a youth of sixteen, but I am capable of many things you have not dreamed of yet. Good-night, my lord."

The general turned and looked after him as he passed out of the room. He heard him turn the key in the lock, and thus leave him a prisoner in the house.

Tom was barefooted, for his shoes were left in the log

on the Jersey side the night before, hence he was not heard as he passed out of the house and into the blinding storm that was still raging.

"Now is my time to get away from the island," he said. "The sentinels can't see anything in this darkness. They can't hear any splash in the water, either," and he made his way down to the water.

True, as he expected, the sentinels could neither see nor hear him, and he entered the water a little below his mother's place and swam to the other side.

It was so dark, though, he could not find the log where he had hidden his shoes and coat. He had to wait until the stars came out in order to see where he was.

While he was waiting there he heard a signal a little below him. It was like the hooting of an owl. But it was such a poor imitation that he recognized the fraud at once.

"I'll see who it is," he said to himself, and began creeping along in that direction.

He went a couple of hundred yards and found a man on the shore looking toward the island.

Then he heard the sound of oars, and knew that his signal had been heard on the other side.

With him to resolve was to act.

He slipped up behind the man and used his dagger with such precision that in two minutes he lay dead at his feet.

To drag the body back into the bushes, search it for papers and other effects, was the work of but a few moments.

The boat from the other side, with two king's men in it, soon came up.

"You were a long time coming, comrades," he said, as the boat struck the shore.

"We were not sure of the signal," said one.

"Wasn't loud enough?"

"No—not quite."

"Well, I didn't care to wake up the rebels at Amboy," and he entered the boat and was rowed across once more to the island.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM RESCUES CRANE.

"What's the news in the rebel camp?" one of them asked.

"Nothing of special importance. They are going to hang two of our men in a day or two."

"Has Poinsett been tried?"

"Yes, and condemned. He is a brave fellow. Doesn't seem to have any fear of death at all."

"What a pity!" said the other. "If we can catch young Roland we'll have a hanging, too."

"He is over here somewhere," said Tom. "They are very uneasy about him out there, as he has not been heard from since night before last."

"He was over here last night, we think. A man came up to a sentinel in his mother's garden and killed him. He was fired at, but got away. The young traitor has more lives than a cat. But we'll get him yet."

"I hope you will. They all think a good deal of him over there. How does his mother and sister behave?"

"His mother is quiet and pale, but the girl is as defiant a rebel as ever lived. She gave it to a sergeant last night, red-handed, and told him what she thought of him and all the king's army."

"Well, that's all she can do. A tongue-lashing never killed any man yet."

"I am not sure of that. I believe some men have been talked to death."

They laughed, and the next moment Tom heard the boat grate in the mud near the shore. They had reached the island.

"Now, come with me, quick!" he said, as he sprang out of the boat. "Two rebel spies are going to land a quarter of a mile below here. I want to catch them. All the guards ought to come and help make sure of it."

The guards all along the shore then went along. To leave their posts was wrong, but so eager were they that they never once thought of that. One of them went to the widow's house and got the two sentinels there to join them, and thus left the house unguarded.

Tom led them down the beach and finally placed every man where he said he could do the most good.

Then he slipped away and went back to the house, where he found his mother and sister in the greatest alarm, think-

ing the movements of the guards were to make sure of his capture.

"Don't worry, mother," he said, kissing her. "I started them myself. The coast is clear now. I have a boat, and if Crane is able to move, I can take him over to the other side without running any risk."

"Oh, it's too dangerous!" said Rachel, turning pale.

"There is no danger at all from the redcoats," said Tom. "I have gotten them all out of the way."

They went down to see him.

He was awake and dressed, for he didn't know what might happen.

"Ah, my young friend!" said Crane, grasping his hand; "I am glad to see you!"

"I am glad to see you, too," returned Tom. "I have come to take you over to the other side."

"How can we get over? I fear I am not strong enough to swim over."

"I have a boat."

"Ah! I am ready!" and he turned to Mrs. Roland and said:

"I owe you my life, madam. I shall be grateful as long as I live. When this war ends I'll try to come and see you. Your son is a brave lad. I'll be his friend under all circumstances," and he shook hands with her.

Then he turned to Rachel.

"I'll go along and bring the boat back," she said. "They will not suspect anything then."

"You had better not, child," said her mother.

"Yes, mother. They won't hurt me, even if they catch me," and she went out with them.

Tom and Rachel supported him on the way to the boat. They assisted him into it and then took up the oars.

"Make no splashes, sister," said Tom, and the boat moved out into the channel.

Swiftly and silently they rowed to the other side.

There Tom assisted him to land.

"Now, sister," he said, "get back as quickly as you can, and make no noise."

She got up and went to him to kiss him good-by. Then Crane took her in his arms and kissed her, saying in a loving whisper:

"Remember your promise. I'll come to you again."

She said not a word, but returned to the boat, took up the oars and silently glided out on the dark waters of the channel.

"As brave and sweet a girl as ever lived!" murmured Crane. "Tom Roland, she has promised to be my wife. What say you? Shall we be brothers?"

"No," replied Tom. "If she marries you we'll be brothers-in-law."

"Ah, yes! Have your little joke. I'll have her and will be the happiest man in the world."

"All right. If she is willing I have no right to object. Can you walk to Amboy now?"

"No. I can't walk a mile. I will have to lie down and wait for an ambulance."

"The ground is very damp. To lie down on it would be very bad for you."

"I can sit on a log or stone and wait for you."

"Very well. I'll see how soon I can get back. But look here, Crane, you have grown very thin. I am strong. Get on my back and see how far I can carry you."

"Why break yourself down in that way, Tom?"

"Get on and let's see if any breakdown comes," and Tom placed himself in position for him to get on his back.

Then he started off.

"Oh, you are not so very heavy after all," said he. "I can take you into camp easily," and he trudged along the Amboy road with him till they were sternly halted by a mounted picket.

Tom made an explanation and the picket at once gave up his horse to the wounded man. Others came up and in a little while Tom was leading the horse under guard, and Crane was seated in the saddle.

They reached Amboy before daylight and were escorted to headquarters. There the story of how the young spy had brought Crane away from the island created a most decided sensation.

The commander-in-chief sent for Tom and commended him for what he had done.

"It was a daring feat and shrewdly executed," he said. "I thank you in the name of the army and the Continental Congress."

Tom came away the happiest man in the world at that moment, for praise from such a source was well worth having.

CHAPTER XV.

LORD HOWE AND THE SPY'S SISTER.

While Tom was bearing Crane away on his back his sister, Rachel, was bravely rowing back across the channel. She had a single light to guide her, and that was high up on the hill, back of her mother's place.

She struck the beach about fifty feet below where they started from.

As she rose up to leave the boat she saw the dark form of a British soldier standing at the bow, musket in hand.

"Halt! Surrender!" said the soldier, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes—yes!" she said, very much frightened. "I surrender!"

"Hello! You are a woman!"

"Yes. I am Rachel Rowland!"

"Ah! Where have you been in that boat?"

"To the other side."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To see my brother."

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"How is that?"

"I saw nobody. I heard signals—an owl hooting—and as I knew they would hang my brother if he came over, I went to see if they came from him. I am sure they came from a real owl now."

The soldier chuckled.

"Where are the guards who were along here to-night?" he asked.

"I am sure I don't know."

"I am suspicious of you, young lady. I am the grand rounds. I shall have to put you under arrest and take you to headquarters. Take my arm, please, and let me escort you to——"

"Please go by the house and let me tell my mother where I am?" she pleaded.

"Yes, I have no objection to doing so," and he led her to the house, where he was again amazed at finding no guards.

"Oh, mother! I went to the other side to see if it was Tom, and didn't see any one at all," she said. "But when I came back with the boat this officer arrested me."

"Why, what harm has she done, sir?" the mother asked. She knew that Tom was safe from the way Rachel talked.

"That is what I wish to find out, madam. I find all the guards gone from their posts, and your daughter coming in a boat from the rebel side of the channel."

"What are you going to do with her?"

"Take her to headquarters and report to General Howe."

"The guards are gone down about a quarter of a mile below here to catch two spies who are expected to come over at that point."

"How do you know that?"

"I got it from overhearing the guards talk as they went away."

"How long ago?"

"Over an hour."

The officer then took Rachel up to headquarters and gave her in charge of the wife of one of the officers there.

Then he sent a guard to arrest the sentinels who had left their posts, and in a little while they were brought in.

They were very badly frightened. They had committed a very serious fault, for which many a brave soldier had been shot by court order of court-martial.

The next day the arrest of Rachel was reported to General Howe. He ordered her to be brought before him. He wanted to see her.

Pale and trembling she was led before him.

"You are Rachel Roland?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord."

"You are the sister of young Thomas Roland?"

"I am, my lord."

"You love him very much?"

"He is my only brother, my lord, and is brave, truthful, and—and——"

"And what? Tell me all. I am not disposed to be harsh with you."

"He loves mother and me only as a good son and brother could."

"I fear that is not the sentence that was on the tip of your tongue just now. But never mind. Come nearer to me. I wish to tell you something," and as she approached him he motioned to those in the room to leave.

When they were alone together he said to her:

"I think I understand all that occurred last night. You have not told the truth. I can't blame you, though. Blood is thicker than water. You put your brother across the channel last night, did you not?"

She looked at him in silence, and a great fear was tugging at her heart all the time.

"I am not going to punish you, Miss Roland," he said, kindly. "I am going to send you back to your mother and order the guards off the place. But I would like to know if I am not right. Did you not go across the river with your brother last night?"

"I did, my lord."

"I thought so. You are a brave girl. You may go home, now. If you get a chance to send word to your brother, tell him to keep away from the island. I would not like to hang the son of a widow. You may go now."

"Oh, my lord, I thank you from the depths of my soul!" she said, as she looked at him. "Had your officers and men been as considerate as you are my brother would have been loyal to the king to-day."

She turned and left the general's presence. A half hour later she told her mother of her interview with the British general.

Mrs. Roland was astonished.

The guards were removed, and one was left in front of the house on public property. Not one was stationed on her land.

She could not understand it, and began to suspect that a trap was being set to catch Tom.

"Rachel," she said, a day or two later, "I am afraid they will tempt him to come home. You must go on to Amboy and see him. He must not come here any more."

"But how can I go over there, mother? They will not permit me to go."

"You can easily swim the channel in a suit of clothes."

"I wouldn't dare do it, mother," she said. "Brother Tom is shrewd enough to see a trap when it is set for him."

The next day there was a movement among the redcoats that told that something was going on. Boatload after boatload of soldiers went out to the ships in the bay.

All day long they kept going, and Rachel became excited.

"Oh, mother!" she said. "They are going away to strike a blow somewhere! I am going to go to Amboy to let General Washington know what is going on here."

"How will you go?"

"Swim, as Brother Tom did," and she went to work to arrange a suit of his clothes so she could wear them.

As soon as it was dark enough to conceal her movements, she slipped down to the back of the garden and quietly waded out into the water till she reached a point deep enough for her to swim in. Then she struck out.

"Halt! Halt—or I'll fire!" came from a guard below the garden fence. A moment later he fired.

A shriek escaped her and then all was still.

CHAPTER XVI.

RACHEL IN THE PATRIOT CAMP.

Rachel was quick-witted.

The bullet had not touched her. But it came so close to her head that she uttered a scream without intending to do so.

The moment she did so the idea flashed through her mind that it would prevent the guards from firing again.

She kept bravely on across the channel, and the guards believed that whoever it was in the water had been killed.

"That was a woman's voice, Joe," said one of the guards to the other.

"I dunno—I hope not," said the one who fired the shot. "It ain't likely a woman would be out swimming at this time of night."

"I know a woman's voice when I hear it," asserted the other, "and if that wasn't one I never heard one in my life."

"What's the trouble here?" an officer asked, coming up rather hurriedly.

"I shot somebody in the water, sir," said the guard.

"Where?"

"Out there, sir. I halted him and he didn't answer. I fired and he screamed. That's all I know about it."

"You hit him, then?"

"I think I did, sir."

"Did you hear any struggling in the water after the shot?"

"No, sir. All was still after that."

"It was the voice of a woman, captain," said another one of the guards.

"En? What? A woman did you say?"

"Yes, sir. I would swear a woman screamed out there when Joe fired."

The captain was puzzled, and didn't know what to think. He questioned other guards above and below the place, and all who heard the scream admitted that it sounded very much like a woman's voice.

He went away, and so far as the British were concerned, the mystery was never solved.

Rachel swam quietly across to the other side of the channel and climbed out upon dry land. She stopped long enough to rest, and then started for Amboy.

As she neared the town she saw lights in some of the houses and also some campfires here and there.

But she did not see any soldiers about, and it greatly puzzled her.

At last she entered the town and had not been challenged by any sentinel.

Where were the patriots?

She met an old negro and asked him where the soldiers were.

"Dey is all done gone away," he answered.

"Gone away! When did they go?"

"Night afore last."

"Which way did they go?"

"Dey went souf—all ob 'em."

"Did they all go?"

"Reckon dey did. I hain't seed none ob 'em sence."

She was thunderstruck.

She now understood the activity of the redcoats. Her mission was a failure, and she had run the terrible risk for nothing.

She thought she was bringing important information to Washington, and he was miles and mile away with his army, going to end the bloody drama at Yorktown.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she asked herself, as she walked about the deserted streets of Amboy. "I can't go back home to-night. They'd shoot at me again. I don't understand it as brother does. I'll go and see if Betty is still at Mrs. Judson's. That's where brother told me she was staying with Mrs. Knox."

She didn't know where the Judsons lived, but she met a man who did, and soon found the house.

It was all dark inside. If the people were at home they had all gone to bed. Yet she knocked on the door.

By and by a man's head protruded from an upper window.

"Who are you and what do you want?" the man asked.

"Does Mr. Judson live here?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Yes. I am Judson."

"Is Betty Sprague here?"

"No. She went away with Mrs. Knox, who followed her husband and the army."

"Oh, dear! I don't know what to do. I am Rachel Roland, Tom Roland's sister."

"The mischief you are! Why did you not say so at first? I say, wife! It's Tom Roland's sister!"

"Tell her to wait till I can get downstairs," said Mrs. Judson, "and I'll open the door for her."

He told her, and Rachel was never more glad in her life than when she heard the good woman coming down the stairs to the front door.

When the door opened Mrs. Judson glared at her in astonishment.

"Why, you are in men's clothes!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I couldn't swim across in my dress, you know."

"Goodness! Did you swim the channel?"

"Yes. I came to bring news of what the British were doing. I did not dream that the Continental army was gone. When I heard of it I was dismayed, and didn't know what to do. I knew that Betty was stopping with you, so I came here to see her. Why in the world did she go away, too?"

"She said she was afraid she might fall into the hands of the enemy, and so she went along with the general's wife."

"Do you know where my brother is, Mrs. Judson?"

"I only know that he went away with them all."

"Then I am all alone here in this place," and Rachel was on the eve of giving way to a flood of tears.

"You needn't feel that way," said Mrs. Judson. "You can remain here with us as long as you stay in Amboy. We think a great deal of your brother here. He told us all about how you aided him to escape from the island the first time he came over. You are all drenched. Come upstairs and I'll show you to the room where Betty stayed when she was here," and she conducted her upstairs to a neat, but very plainly furnished little room.

She then told Mrs. Judson that the whole British army was leaving the island and going on board the fleet.

"That's what I came over to tell General Washington," she said.

"Well, dear, they have probably heard of the movement and are going to try to head off Washington and his army. There will be a great battle if they meet. But Washington has the start and he'll meet and beat Cornwallis before Sir Henry can catch up with him."

"Oh, I do hope he may! It would end the war if he could capture or destroy Cornwallis' army."

"Yes. Cornwallis is an able general, but our army and the French combined ought to be able to beat him. You had better go to bed now, and in the morning if the British have really left Staten Island, you can go over in a boat without any fear of being shot," and she kissed her and left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAPTURED BRITON.

Events had transpired fast.

News had come up from Virginia that Cornwallis was laying waste the fair fields of that part of the country with nearly 10,000 men.

Washington quickly grasped the situation.

He saw that if he could get away from Amboy and place a good day's march between himself and Sir Henry in New York and Staten Island, he could form a junction with the French force off the coast of Virginia and crush Cornwallis before assistance could get to him.

It was a bold, daring scheme. The distance was nearly three hundred miles. But he knew the marching qualities of his old veterans.

He fully appreciated the obstacles in his way—the many rivers to be crossed and the almost pathless forests to be pierced. Yet he knew that if he could get a start of twenty-four hours he could make it.

Accordingly, he had the men on the march on an hour's notice, and in the night, too.

When morning came he was many miles on the way.

Behind him he left spies to watch the enemy and see that his movement was not betrayed.

Among those spies was Tom Roland.

Said General Knox to him:

"See that no one crosses over to the island during to-night or to-morrow. After that you may follow us. We shall need you as much as any man in the ranks."

"I shall do my duty, general," said Tom. "But what will become of Betty Sprague? If the redcoats come over here they may arrest and take her back to the island."

"She may remain with Mrs. Knox if she chooses to do so," replied the general.

Tom hastened to see Betty and tell what the general had said.

"I am going with Mrs. Knox," said Betty. "I am afraid to be within the reach of Colonel Edwards."

"I shall try to get word over to your mother," said Tom.

"If you please. I know she will be very uneasy about me. But are you going to stay? They will hang you if they catch you."

"I am going to stay behind to watch them. Several others are going to stay with me."

"But are you going to come on afterwards?"

"Yes. I shall join the army in a few days. Why do you ask?"

"Because I feel safer in knowing there's some one like you about the camp. All the rest are strangers to me, Tom."

"But they are all good friends, though," said Tom.

"Yes, so they are. But I don't know them as I know you, Tom. You are the one link now between me and my home. Just think! We are to travel in a chaise all night long."

"Yes. You will be very uncomfortable, I fear. But you can soon get used to it. Good-by. I will hope to see you again soon. General Knox will always know where you are," and he shook hands with her and went away.

Two hours later Mrs. Knox, Betty and the wife of another officer set out in a chaise to follow the army in its march southward.

Tom and the other spies kept up the campfires all night. They patrolled the shore of the channel so thoroughly that no spy could cross over from the other side.

Tom and another man were together when they saw, in the clear starlight, a man crawling up out of the water. They drew their pistols and confronted him.

"Halt!" said Tom. "You are a prisoner!"

"What are you making me a prisoner for?" the man asked.

"Because you came from the enemy," said Tom.

"But I am a rebel. I am not an enemy. I'm for Washington and the Continental Congress."

Tom laughed and said:

"If that were true you would not have used the word 'rebel.' We never call ourselves rebels. We are patriots, or Whigs."

"I used the word because I have been listening so much to the Tories and redcoats on the other side."

"Yes, and because you have been using it so long yourself. You are a British spy. Hold up your hands till we search you."

The man turned and made a break for the water, disappearing with a loud splash.

"Perdition!" gasped Tom's comrade. "I am as good a swimmer as he is! I'll bring him back or kill him!" and he plunged into the water after him.

"Better come back!" Tom cried. "It is dangerous! Come back!"

But he would not, and he stood there on the shore and listened to the hard breathing of the two men in the water.

When scarcely fifty feet away from the shore Tom heard the patriot say:

"Surrender, or I'll kill you!"

"I never surrender," said the Briton.

"Then you will die!" and Tom listened to a splash now and then, knowing that a death struggle was going on out there in the water.

Suddenly he heard one say:

"There! That settles you!" and then a groan followed, after which all was still.

Tom wondered who won, and after a pause of some moments he called out:

"Who won?"

"The Continental Congress," was the reply. "but I am hurt. Help me out. I am bleeding badly," and Tom saw a man swimming back to the shore.

But he was suspicious.

The voice was hardly like that of his comrade's. He suspected that the worst had happened, and at once prepared to meet the foe, if foe he was.

He held his pistol in his hand and went down near the water to meet him.

"Help me up, please," said the man, in a half-choking voice, as he reached the shore.

Tom instantly saw that he was not his comrade.

He pointed the pistol at him and said:

"Come up now! The game is up with you!"

The man instantly ducked his head down in the water and tried to dive out of the way.

But the water there was too shallow for diving. He could not dive feet foremost, so Tom waited a moment and fired, hitting him in the shoulder.

"I am hit! I surrender!" said the man.

"Very well. I'd rather you had done so at first. Come out and march up the hill. If you move toward me I'll finish you."

The man went up the hill in front of him and then started off toward Amboy.

They soon met other spies and Tom related the particulars of the capture.

"Hang him!" said one of the others.

"Better wait and see what a court-martial says about it,"

said the prisoner. "I am a British soldier, but I am not a spy as long as I am outside your lines."

"You were caught on the lines!"

"Yes, but not inside of them. I am simply a prisoner of war, and you can't make anything else out of it. Had I been arrested inside of your lines I would have been a spy. I came over for that purpose, but you have made me a prisoner of war."

"Yes, he is right," said one of the patriots. "I know enough of the rules of war to understand that."

"You are right," said the prisoner. "All I ask is that you take me to the officer in command of your post. I am badly wounded in the shoulder and am weak from loss of blood."

"I didn't know you were hurt," said one of the others.

"Yes, your comrade here shot me in the water."

"Yes," said Tom. "But he killed Nichols in the channel."

"Did he?"

"Yes. They fought with knives and then he swam back, hoping to make me believe he was poor Jack. But I was on my guard."

"I say!" said one of the others, "let's hang him and avenge poor Jack Nichols."

"No," said Tom. "I won't be guilty of such a thing as that. I am not a soldier, but he is my prisoner, and I am going to protect him as far as he needs protection."

"Bah! Don't be a fool. Roland. He would not protect you if you were in his power."

"Are you Tom Roland?" the prisoner asked, as if very much surprised.

"Yes," and Tom seemed not a little surprised at the question.

"I was told to be on the lookout for you," said the prisoner.

"Well, you have been on the lookout, haven't you?" Tom asked.

"No. I didn't dream of meeting you so soon. I have a little private business to transact with you. But we must wait until after my wound has been attended to. I am growing faint. Have any of you any rum?"

None of them had any liquor of any kind. One of them brought him some water and it revived him somewhat.

Tom was eager to find out the nature of his private business with him. He asked him to give him an idea as to its nature, but he said:

"No, no, not now. Let me have your hand a moment," and he reached for Tom's hand. Tom let him take it in his.

"Ah! You have the ring yet!" he said. "It is on your hand!"

"What do you know about it?"

"Yes—yes! I know all about it!" said the prisoner. "I am bleeding to death. Can you not bring me a surgeon? This wound is worse than I at first thought."

Tom turned to two of his comrades and said:

"We must try to get him to Amboy, and let a doctor attend to him."

"But how can we? We have no team, and we ought not to leave our posts under any consideration," said one of the patriots. "You know what the situation is, and what we were sent to do."

"Yes. I know all of that," returned Tom. "We must not leave our posts."

"Well, what can we do?"

"You can well look out for my post while I go after a doctor."

"Well, run along. Let him lie here on the grass till you come back."

Tom bounded away at the top of his speed for the residence of a certain physician in Amboy, two miles away. He ran all the way, only to find the doctor out when he reached the house.

He went in search of another. He was a very bitter old patriot, and did not care to bother himself about saving the life of a redcoat spy.

"Why didn't you shoot him in the head when you were about it?" the old doctor asked.

"I couldn't see very well in the dark," said Tom. "Come along, doctor. I want to save this man's life. There is something back of him of great importance. I'll pay you myself for the service. Come along."

"Well, let me get my gig," said the gouty old doctor.

Tom thought he was a long time about it. But he appeared at last. Tom led the way on a run. He got there nearly three hours after leaving the prisoner.

"He is dead!" said one of the patriots—"died ten minutes ago."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE IRASCIBLE DOCTOR.

Tom was in a rage with the old doctor for not hurrying up more than he did.

"We could have been here at least a half hour sooner if this lazy old pill maker had been even half a man!"

"Eh, eh! What do you mean, you young lout? I'll horse-whip you!" and the irascible old doctor lashed him over the shoulder with his gig whip.

Tom sprang at him and they both rolled in the dust together.

The horse became frightened and ran away. He turned and dashed down the hill to the water, and was drowned ere the others could stop him.

The doctor and Tom were pulled apart, panting and in a rage.

"Horsewhip me, you old pillmaker!" hissed Tom, "you old fraud! you soulless old hog! I'll break every bone in your worthless old carcass!"

"Let me at the young whelp!" gasped the old doctor. "Let me get my hands on him again! I'll choke all the insolence out of him!"

They were held until they got cooled off. Then when he had learned that his horse and gig were in the sea and gone forever, he grew furious again and swore to have Tom's life.

"Turn us loose," said Tom, "and let us fight it out. He is twice my size, but that makes no difference. I want to settle him once for all."

But they would not, and in a little while they persuaded the doctor to go home and wait until the matter could be settled by the authorities.

But he was clamorous for pay for his horse and gig, and threatened to have the whole batch of them arrested.

Tom took some money from his pocket and offered the doctor his fee for the visit he had made, saying:

"I promised to pay you for the visit. It was to save a man's life. You were so slow the man died. As for your horse and gig, I'd see you at the bottom of the sea with them before I would pay you one farthing. Had you not hit me with your whip the horse would not have run away. You can blame only yourself for that."

He refused to take the money and went away breathing the most dire threats against the young spy.

When the irascible old doctor was gone, Tom turned to his comrades and asked:

"Did he say anything about me before he died?"

"No," said one of them. "He groaned a good deal. Two or three times he said 'too late—too late!' and those were his last words. It looks a little suspicious to us. Tom Roland, and we would like, if you can, to have you explain it to us. He said enough in our hearing to make us think that something is wrong."

Tom was silent for some moments and then said:

"I understand you. I don't blame you at all. I'll have to put you under oath and tell you a secret that is known only to the British general and myself."

"I am not going to take any oath until I know what it is," said the taller of the two.

"Then I won't tell you what it is," said Tom.

"Are you a British spy?" the man asked.

"No—are you?"

"No! I'll cut your throat if you ask me such a question again!"

"What ought I to do to you for putting it to me?" Tom very coolly asked.

"I shall go as soon as I can leave Mrs. Knox," said Betty.

The colonel then excused himself and left the room, followed by Betty.

"I have the right to ask it in view of what has happened."

"Not at all. Since you have been so insolent in the matter I'll give you no information at all. You can report me to General Washington if you like. This man is mine. I captured him," and he stooped over the body and began searching it. But he found nothing in the pockets of the clothes.

The second man said nothing about his suspicions, and Tom remarked:

"I'll throw him into the water and let the fishes bury him."

He took the body up in his arms and staggered down to the

water with it. As he did so he felt a belt around his waist under the clothes, and on laying the body on the ground again he hunted for it.

He was surprised at finding a belt full of English gold and another of cork to give him additional buoyancy in the water.

He quickly took them both off, buckled them around himself under his coat, after which he threw the body into the water and it floated away on the tide.

The other two patriots remained up on the hill holding a whispered consultation.

When he rejoined them the taller of the two men said to him:

"Roland, we'll arrest you if you don't explain this matter to our satisfaction."

"If you swear not to repeat anything I say, or reveal the secret to anyone until such time as I may grant you permission to do so, I will tell you all about it. At the same time, if you think General Washington ought to know it, you can tell him about it."

"That's fair enough," said the short man.

"Yes, I think so, too," assented the other.

Tom then told them about his meeting Lord Howe in his bedroom at the Sprague residence on Staten Island, on a stormy night, and the bargain he made with him for the protection of his mother and sister.

"I have this ring here on my hand now," he said, "and that's what he spoke of when he said 'you have the ring yet.' I'll show it to you when we get to a light or in the morning. I think the general sent him over here in search of me to see if he couldn't get it from me in some way. You noticed how surprised he was when he heard of my name?"

"Yes," said the taller of the two patriots. "I understand it now. It was a bold thing for you to do to go into his room as you did."

"Yes, but I knew I had him in my power. I am sorry that fellow died. I wanted to hear what he had to say. Hark! I hear the sound of oars on the water! Keep still! Listen!"

CHAPTER XIX.

TOM AND THE TWO WOMEN.

Listening they heard a boat going across the channel. They heard voices, too.

"The rebels have gone!" they heard one say.

"Yes, and the Lord only knows where they have gone," said another.

"They have found out the secret," Tom said. "We may as well follow the army now."

"Yes. They have got the news. We have no need to watch any more," and they went along the shore toward Amboy and told the other sentinels what they had heard.

"They are bound to find it out soon," said an old veteran. "But we must not leave here until we are compelled to. We are left here to watch the enemy."

"Yes," said another, "we had better wait till morning and find out all we can."

They decided to wait, and so Tom and his comrades went back to their posts.

Morning came, and all through the day things remained as usual.

In the afternoon Tom and some of the others set out to follow the army.

But they had not gone very far ere they found out that a force of British dragoons had landed below Amboy and was pushing forward to see if they could not find out something about the destination of the patriot army.

It did not take Tom long to find out that the dragoons were led by Colonel Edwards, and that they were bent on doing all the mischief they could on the way. He made all haste to let the rear guard of the patriot army know what was going on.

He had the belt of gold about his waist under his coat. It was necessary that he conceal it somewhere, and then push on with all possible speed.

He had gone some thirty miles on his way when he stopped at a farm-house to bargain with the farmer for a horse.

"I can't let you have a horse," said the farmer. "Those two horses in the barn belong to General Knox. His wife is here, quite sick. She had to stop."

Tom was thunderstruck. The dragoons were not two hours behind him.

"I am surprised," he said. "I know Mrs. Knox and she knows me. I would like to see her."

"I'll tell my wife," said the farmer. "What's your name?"

"Tom Roland."

The farmer went in and told his wife. She went upstairs to see the sick lady.

A moment later Tom heard somebody bounding down the stairs.

Betty Sprague burst out of the house and cried out:

"Oh, Tom! I am so glad to see you! Mrs. Knox is very sick and we don't know what to do."

Tom took both her hands in his and said:

"If I can do anything I'll do it for you, Betty."

"I know you would, Tom, but what can you do. She has no money," and she told him that in a whisper.

"I have some money—some gold," he said, "and she can have enough to help her along."

"Oh, how good you are, Tom! I'll go up and see her again, and find out what she wants," and she left him and ran upstairs again.

In a few minutes she came back and told him of certain things Mrs. Knox was in great need of, which the farmer could get if he had the money.

Tom had some of the British gold in his pocket, and he at once put it into her hand.

She again ran back upstairs.

Tom then went to the old farmer and said:

"The dragoons are coming this way, and they are doing all the mischief they can. You had better prepare for them."

The farmer turned pale and asked:

"When will they be here?"

"In two hours."

He started. He had some stock which he wanted to save. He at once called his son, a twelve-year-old boy, and told him to take the stock and Mrs. Knox's two horses to the swamp, a half mile away, and stay till he heard the dinner horn blow.

In ten minutes the boy was off with the horses. The farmer's wife ran up and told Mrs. Knox that the dragoons were coming.

Pale as a sheet, Betty came down again, and asked Tom if it was true.

"Yes," he said. "They are not two hours away."

"Who has command of them?"

"Colonel Edwards."

She staggered and seemed on the eve of falling. He caught hold of her arm and said:

"I'll stay here and protect you the best I can."

"No, no! They will hang you if they catch you," she said. "You shall not risk your life for me."

"What will you do, then?" he asked.

"I will stay with Mrs. Knox. I wouldn't leave her, even though I knew they would kill me."

"And yet you want me to run? I am going to stay right here with you. They don't hang men as spies unless they are caught in their lines in disguise. I would simply be a prisoner of war."

"But why should you let them catch you, Tom?" she asked. "If you are a prisoner, you can be of no use to us, and your mother would be ever so much worried about you."

"They haven't caught me yet," said Tom, shaking his head. "I'll be a farmhand here when they come. Go back to the house, now, and wait till I send for you."

She ran back into the house, and Tom turned to the old farmer and said:

"I want to stay here with those ladies till the British leave. Will you let me pass as your hired man?"

"Yes, if you think it won't make trouble for me," the old man said. "Why not pretend to be Mrs. Knox's attendant?"

"Ah! That would be better," and he sent up for Betty again.

She came down to see what he wanted.

"I am to be Mrs. Knox's attendant while the redcoats are here," he said to her. "Call me Tom, as usual, and let them think I am her servant."

"Oh, Tom! Why will you run such a risk?" she said. "You know how they hate you. They will hang you just for spite."

"I am not afraid of that. Just leave it for me to manage," and she went back upstairs. Tom turned away and went out to a piece of woods back of the barn. There he found a place under a big flat stone to hide his belt of gold.

That done he returned to the house and sat down with the old farmer to await the coming of the dragoons.

They did not have to wait very long ere they heard the bugles of the redcoats.

"Keep cool," he said to the old farmer's wife, who became greatly agitated. "Keep cool and you will fare better at their hands."

CHAPTER XX.

BETTY SPRAGUE AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

In a little while a squad of dragoons dashed up to the house and a young officer called out to the old farmer:

"Has any rebels passed this way to-day?"

"No," said Tom, speaking for the old man. "They passed here yesterday going down the road."

"How many were they?"

"The good Lord only knows. There was a big crowd of 'em."

"Who are you?" the young officer demanded, dismounting and coming up to Tom.

"I am escorting two ladies, one of whom is very sick upstairs."

"Oh, you are, eh?"

"Yes."

"Where are you taking them to?"

"To Philadelphia."

"I want to see whether it is true or not," and he entered the house. The farmer's wife ran up to tell Mrs. Knox and Betty.

The officer followed her and entered the room just behind her.

Mrs. Knox was lying on the bed very ill. The young officer could not doubt that she was ill. It was too plainly apparent.

"You are very ill, madam," he said. "I'll try to see that you are not disturbed by my men. Ah, I didn't expect to see you here, Miss Sprague!" and he looked over at Betty on the other side of the bed.

"You are Captain Stanhope," said Betty. "I know you. I am glad to see you, for I knew you will give this lady, who is a dear friend of mine, all the protection in your power."

"Yes, of course. How came you to be here, though?"

"I am on my way to Philadelphia with my dear friend here. She was taken very ill and we had to stop to give her rest and sleep. How did you leave my mother—or have you seen her lately?"

"I saw your father at headquarters the other day and he was looking well. They were all saying you had run away from home and joined the rebel army at Amboy. How much truth is there in the report, Miss Betty?"

"Oh, that is only half the truth," she replied, laughing. "General Washington offered to resign and let me take command of his army. But they were such a lot of ragamuffins that I refused. The result was they broke up their camp and are running away as fast as they ever can."

Captain Stanhope laughed heartily at her story and said:

"But what are you going to do? Colonel Edwards will be here in half an hour, and he may consider you a prisoner of war."

"Oh, he will have to take the loyalty of my father as security for me, or else parole me, as I won't leave my sick friend."

"But if he will not do either?"

"He'll have to do one or the other," she said, with a very determined shake of the head. Then she added, in an undertone:

"Come downstairs. Our talking makes her very nervous," and she led the way downstairs and out to the little piazza in front of the house.

Captain Stanhope knew of the attachment of his colonel for the beautiful girl, and wondered what would be the result of the meeting between the two.

Out on the piazza one of the dragoons said to the captain:

"This man here has run off all his stock. He is a rebel."

The captain looked hard at the old farmer and asked:

"Are you a rebel?"

"No," said the old man. "I am too old to be either a rebel or a king's man."

"Indeed you are not. What has become of your cattle?"

Tom could not help smiling at the ease with which the old farmer lied. How honest he looked as he let out the whoppers!

But it seemed so reasonable to the captain that the retreating army should take everything in its way that he did not question the truth of the statement.

By and by other companies came up, and in a little while Washington's men took everything," was the reply.

Longer Colonel Edwards arrived at the head of the main body of the dragoons. Captain Stanhope reported to him that Betty Sprague and a sick lady were in the house.

"Betty Sprague here?" and the colonel dismounted and went up to the piazza. The old farmer's wife met him, pale and trembling.

"Send Miss Sprague here," he said to her, and she went upstairs after her.

Betty came down smiling and greeted him demurely, saying:

"Why, Colonel Edwards! Who would have thought of ever seeing you here in this out-of-the-way place!"

"Who would have thought of ever meeting you here?" he replied, as he extended his hand to her. "Your parents have been worried almost to death about you. They don't know what has become of you."

"Now, colonel, you are too old to be telling stories like that! They got a message from me three days after I left that told them where I was. They were no longer uneasy."

"How did they get a message from you, and you in the rebel camp?"

"Oh, I sent General Washington over to see them," and she laughed saucily as she looked up at him.

"I suppose you and the rebel general are very great friends?"

"I found him to be a gentleman," she replied. "He gave me protection, knowing my father to be a loyal king's man. He says the women of America are not combatants, and therefore does not worry them."

"Who is the sick lady upstairs?"

"She is the wife of one of Washington's officers. She is very ill."

"Who is her husband?"

"General Knox."

"Ah! I must see her."

"You will not alarm her?"

"Oh, no. I wish to see for myself that she is really ill, and to ask her a few questions."

"I will tell her you wish to see her," and she ran upstairs to prepare Mrs. Knox for the visit of the officer.

She soon returned and conducted him up to the room.

"This is Colonel Edwards," said Betty, introducing him.

"I am very sorry to find you so ill, madam," said the colonel, removing his hat. "I hope our presence here will not alarm you."

"Thanks, sir," she said in reply. "Your words reassure me. I was very much alarmed."

"You need not be. I shall see that you are disturbed as little as possible."

"Thanks for your kindness. I am sure my husband will appreciate your kindness."

"Your little friend here and I have been very good friends. But she ran away and left us. I hope she may soon return to her home."

Down on the piazza the colonel told Betty that she must return to Staten Island at once.

"Indeed! I can't leave Mrs. Knox," she replied.

"She is in good hands here and will not suffer. It is a duty I owe to your loyal parents to take you back to them."

"You don't owe them any duty, Colonel Edwards," said she. "Do your duty to your king and let other matters alone."

"I do owe them a duty," he replied. "I promised your father to bring you back home to him if I found you. I shall keep my promise."

"Would you take me away against my consent?"

"Yes."

"And leave Mrs. Knox unattended, ill as she is?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Edwards, you are a brute, and a disgrace to the uniform you wear!"

Her eyes blazed.

His face flushed, and then he turned pale, saying:

"You speak harshly, Miss Sprague."

"It is time for me to do so," she replied. "You know full well you have no business with me. Your duty as a soldier does not call for any such interference on your part."

"I think I know what my duty is," said he, haughtily. "You may as well prepare to leave here within an hour. I'll send you back under escort."

"I won't go! You'll have to take me by force!"

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

Sitting on the steps of the piazza Tom heard all that passed between Colonel Edwards and Betty. He was debating with himself as to what he should do in the matter. To attempt force was out of the question, for there were 500 dragoons all around him.

Suddenly he thought of Lord Howe's signet ring.

He had taken it off and put it in his pocket to prevent its being taken from him.

"The general has never told anyone about its loss," he thought, as he sat there on the steps. "His pride wouldn't let him do that. I'll play the ring on him. I'll give it to Betty and tell her that she must claim Lord Howe's protection with it. The colonel will be the most astonished man in the world."

He slipped into the house and went upstairs to await her coming. She soon came up, pale and agitated.

"Here, Miss Betty," he said, "come here a moment. I want to tell you something. Do you see this ring?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's Lord Howe's ring," and he quickly told her the story of how it came into his possession.

She was amazed.

"And in my father's house, too?" she said.

"Yes. Lord Howe would never tell how he lost the ring. You may be sure of that. Tell Colonel Edwards that Lord Howe gave it to you as a perpetual passport for your protection before you left the island. That he knew you were going to leave, and that he tendered the ring to you as a protection against any of his soldiers. Then tell him to lay hands on you if he dares."

Half an hour later she came down on the piazza, and Colonel Edwards asked:

"Are you ready to go?"

"Do you know that ring, Colonel Edwards?" she asked, holding out her hand toward him for him to look at it.

He gazed at the signet ring like one in a dream. He recognized it instantly.

"Yes," he said, "it is Lord Howe's signet ring. Where did you get it?"

"He placed it on my hand himself before I left Staten Island. You can go about your business now and leave me alone."

Colonel Edwards was ashen-hued in the face.

He turned away, believing his general had aided her to escape from the island to avoid the marriage that was about to be forced upon her.

Tom was a witness of all that passed between them.

As the colonel turned away Betty gave the young spy a glance and a wink that came near making him explode with laughter.

Half an hour later the redcoats were gone.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "you have saved me from a cruel fate! Is it really Lord Howe's ring?"

"Yes. It is all true as I have told you. You may keep it for your future protection. But don't tell any one the secret of its possession. Every British officer knows it. The private soldiers do not. Never wear it on your hand, but carry it in your pocket."

"But you may need it for your protection, if they should catch you in their lines sometimes."

"It would do me good. The idea of a spy having the signet ring of the general in his possession would seem so strange that the matter would be laid before him at once. That would be the end of me."

"Yes, yes, so it would," she said, as she looked at the ring.

"Let it be our engagement ring, Betty," he said. She glanced quickly at him.

He blushed and then turned pale as death.

"So be it," she said, slipping it over her finger. "We are engaged. I would rather be the wife of a brave patriot like

you, Tom Roland, than the richest and handsomest man in the king's army."

Tom was too happy to even utter a word for a minute or two. Then he gasped out:

"Do you mean it, Betty?"

"Yes, every word of it," she replied. "We'll wait until you are twenty-one years old and then be married. Will you wait so long for me, Tom?"

"Yes, yes!" he replied.

The next day Tom took leave of the two ladies, first giving Betty the belt and its contents to keep for him.

"It has a thousand pounds in gold," he said. "If you get back to Staten Island before I do and find that my mother needs it, give her enough to supply her wants. The balance is for us when we marry."

She said she would wear the belt herself, and kissed him goodbye.

He soon joined the army and reported to General Knox that his wife was improving rapidly and would soon be able to join him.

He then reported the movements of the British army up to the time he left Amboy.

A few days later he was engaged in watching the enemy at Yorktown, and twice he received the thanks of the commander-in-chief.

The surrender of Cornwallis ended the war, and Tom returned to Staten Island to find his mother and sister well and happy.

The British general had kept his promise to him, and his mother had not been molested any more.

"But where is Betty Sprague?" he asked of Rachel.

"At home," was the reply. "Do you know where Allan Crane is?"

"No. I have never seen him since he left Amboy. You have not heard from him?"

"No. I fear he has been killed, Tom."

"I don't think so, or I would have heard of it. He will return as soon as he can. He is a brave, true man."

But days and weeks came and went and they heard nothing of Crane. Tom and Betty were happy lovers, but her parents swore he should not have her.

At last Crane came and Rachel was happy. They were married at once. At the age of twenty Tom ran off with Betty and married her.

When her father learned that he had a thousand pounds in gold he was reconciled to the marriage, for that was quite a fortune in those days.

Thus the brave youth who became a spy for Washington at the tender age of sixteen, came through the Revolution

safely, and settled down on Staten Island in a little cottage of his own. When Washington was inaugurated president in New York, Tom, Betty and two little children went over to see him.

The president kissed the happy little mother and the children, and said she ought to be proud of her husband.

"I am proud of him," she replied, "and we are so proud of our president that our boy is named George Washington Roland, and the girl Martha."

Thus ends the story of the young spy.

Next week's issue will contain "JACK WRIGHT'S FLYING TORPEDO; OR, THE BLACK DEMONS OF DISMAL SWAMP."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Please give your newsdealer a standing order for your weekly copy of "PLUCK AND LUCK." The War Industries Board has asked all publishers to save waste. Newsdealers must, therefore, be informed if you intend to get a copy of this weekly every week, so they will know how many copies to order from us.

CHEWING GUM AND CANDY PURCHASES.

The largest single purchase of chewing gum in the history of the Army has just been made by the Subsistence Division, 11,686,000 packages making up the order. At the same time the largest single order of candy on record was given, calling for 12,000,000 pounds. Both the candy and chewing gum are for the overseas forces. The very highest grades of candy have been included in the awards and will consist of bar chocolate, sweet chocolate, chocolate vanilla bars, almond bars and peanut bars.

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GOOD READING

INFANT TORN TO PIECES.

The two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Willard, former Fremonters, was literally torn to pieces by two big bears in a park at Venice, Cal., while the mother and another small daughter looked on, recently, according to information received by friends at Fremont, Neb.

The child, while walking through the park with her mother and sister, went too near the cage where the bears were confined. One of the beasts grabbed the child and dragged it through the bars. One of the child's legs was torn off and the second bear had jumped on the child's mangled form when a guard shot both animals. The child died on the way to the hospital.

HAS STRANGE COLLECTION.

During the past year Matt Lyle, well known about Knoxville, Tenn., has picked up pins of various kinds, nails and screws from the streets in surprising quantities. Here is the record he claims for the twelve months between October 10, 1917, and the corresponding date of this year:

Pins, 10,400; safety pins, 375; hairpins, 400; screws, 500; nails (gathered in three years, four kegs.

No pin or nail of any kind escapes his attention. If he sees a crooked nail he takes it to his home on Morgan street, near the Southern Railway, along with his other findings, where he straightens it out and lays it away. His nails are put in a keg at the end of each day. His pins are placed carefully in a cloth which he carries in his pocket at all times. As soon as he gets 1,000 pins in one of these pieces of cloth he takes it home and locks it up in a box, where they are all kept.

He would not give one of these nails or pins to his best friend, he declares. He adds, however, that he might some day sell the nails.

OLD HOMES GOING.

Sitka's historic old Russian buildings, erected years ago when the Northern Europeans owned Alaska, are gradually disappearing. Hundreds of tourists in recent years have visited these buildings.

About a year ago the Russian block house was removed to make room for an observatory for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Announcement has been made that the old fur trading post, once used by the Russian-American Fur Company, is to be torn down. This old structure was built of logs, some of which were 24 inches in diameter. For several years it has not been occupied. Recent gales so weakened it that it is believed it will collapse if allowed to stand.

When the Russians were here they used one end of the post building as headquarters for the men they employed to gather furs and barter with the

native of Southeastern Alaska. In the other end the company conducted a nautical school.

After the United States purchased Alaska the old building was used for a general trading store by an American firm. Prospectors leaving Sitka for many parts of Alaska bought their outfits at the store.

TRAPPERS REAPING A HARVEST THIS YEAR.

Trappers in the Adirondacks, N. Y., are reaping a golden harvest this season because of the prices offered for all kinds of furs. Never before have these hardy woodsmen been confronted with the prospect of such opulence. All kinds of fur-bearers are plentiful in the big woods and the weather so far this season has been ideal for trapping, there being little snow to bother the trappers, while the temperature has been unusually mild.

In other years, up to last, an individual catch of \$700 to \$1,000 in a season was sufficient excuse, it was considered, for that lucky individual to break all the temperance laws in the State. Then prices took a big jump and the heavy catch of last year brought some of the trappers \$2,000 to \$3,000. Now buyers are offering 25 to 35 per cent. more than ever before.

Here are some of the prices offered for extra large pelts: Dark mink, \$13 to \$15; red fox, \$25 to \$30; otter, \$35; gray fox, \$5 to \$7; dark marten, \$45 to \$60; pale marten, 20 to \$25; muskrat, \$2.40 to \$2.80; black skunk, \$7 to \$9; white weasel, \$2.50 to \$3, while the common house cat skin, if black, brings about 50 cents, and if colored, 35 cents down to 10 cents, according to quality. Even the little ground mole, but little larger than a mouse, wears a pelt that is worth 35 cents, and rabbit skins, dried, are worth about 50 cents a pound.

It is not alone the Adirondack trapper who is making big money these days. The rural trapper who works his calling in the farming districts, and even the farm boy with his half dozen traps, know what it means to receive big checks from the fur buyers.

Small fur animals such as skunks, minks, weasels, muskrats, etc., seem to be getting a little more plentiful each year. The reason assigned for that is that these animals thrive best under the conditions of a settled section, where hiding places about farm buildings, under hay stacks, etc., are plentiful, and where there is an abundance of food in the shape of farm crops.

Life to many of the small wild animals is much easier and more secure now, in rural sections, than it was in the days when this country was a wilderness, with a scarcity of foods and a superabundance of large and predatory animals constantly on the alert to kill and feed on the smaller ones.

CURRENT NEWS

80,000 BOYS AND GIRLS ENROLLED IN PIG CLUBS.

More than 80,000 boys and girls in the United States are enrolled in pig clubs organized and conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture and the State agricultural colleges, and seventy-one per cent. of the reporting members raise pure bred pigs. The knowledge of modern hog raising methods displayed is supported by records showing that more than 12,000 pigs made an average daily gain of 1.14 pounds in weight, which is considerably above results obtained on most farms.

Pig clubs now established in twenty-eight States are believed to have such a beneficial effect on the swine industry of the country that the Department of Agriculture has assigned forty-nine specialists to foster their further development.

BOILED UP DEAD.

In a dark dungeon of a tunnel captured by Tennessee troops who compose the 111th Infantry, near Cambrai, there was discovered a chopping block and two large pots where the Germans boiled their dead.

This gruesome discovery is described by Sergt. Joe Collette in a letter to his mother, of Knoxville, Tenn.

"There, under the canal, 'Jerry' had dugouts that would hold battalions," Sergt. Collette writes. "I went down to the tunnel, which 'Jerry' had blocked at both ends.

"I never believed this until I actually saw it with my own eyes. In a dark dungeon in the tunnel 'Jerry' had a chopping block and two large pots where they boiled their dead to make explosives and grease. They had a pile there, and one body was actually in the pot boiled to a grisp. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw. They made a moving picture of the tunnel."

PEACE THRIFT NECESSARY.

The war is over now and life will run on again in the happy way that it did before.

The pall that hung over the world has disappeared.

The nations of men again have found their places in the sun of peace.

But the lesson of Franklin and his whistle must not be forgotten.

Even in the glorious exhilaration of these first peace days let us not be tempted to pay too much for our whistle.

The rainy days still will come into the lives of us all. Sickness, accident, loss of employment and old age are the specters that lurk along the course of every pathway.

Watch your pennies, your dimes and your dollars. Make thrift a part of your own life just as it has

been a part of the nation's life during the last twenty months.

Don't pay too much for your whistle.

FORGOT TO BURY BABY.

A mother's desire to decorate the grave of her child recently revealed one of the most unusual cases on record and resulted in warrants being sworn out by Mrs. Elizabeth Wendroth, charging Walter H. Streibig, undertaker, with false pretenses and unlawfully removing the body. Mrs. Wendroth showed Prosecutor Morrissey a receipted bill made out by Streibig for burial of the child. The body was found at Streibig's undertaking establishment, Cincinnati, O., a few days ago.

Three weeks ago the mother went to decorate the grave and no records could be found at the cemetery of its burial. Streibig explained, the mother said, that he had held the body to wait until the cemetery had thawed so a grave could be dug.

"The coffin containing the baby's body was placed away last January," Streibig said. "It was forgotten and I did not know it had not been buried until the mother asked me last Sunday the number of the grave it had been placed in. The matter is simply an oversight. We embalmed the body so we could keep it until the weather permitted burial."

UNITED STATES ARMY SLANG.

In the army the commanding officer is known as the "C. O."; the officer of the day as the "O. D."; junior officer of a post or regiment, "goat"; a new second lieutenant, "shavetail"; commissary officer, "bean shooter"; commissary sergeant, "beans"; provost sergeant, "hobo"; doctor, "sawbones"; chaplain, "Holy Joe"; bugler or musician, "windjammer"; company barber, "butcher"; infantryman, "doughboy"; cavalryman, "bow legs"; field artillerymen, "wagon soldiers"; teamsters, "mule skinnners."

A "rooky" is a man who has not been in the ranks long enough to be considered a regular soldier; a "dog robber" is a soldier who works for an officer; an "old file" is an old soldier, and a "coffee cooler" is one who tries to get an easy detail.

Meals are "chow"; hard bread is "hardtack"; any sweet edible, "duff"; stew, "slum"; bacon, "sowbelly"; canned beef, "canned horse"; salmon, "goldfish," and coffee is "blackstrap."

The guard house is the "mill"; a march is a "hike"; awkward or ignorant, "goaty"; to admonish, "crawl"; to complain, "bellyache"; dishonorable discharge, "bob-tail." To get things on the "jaw bone" is to buy on credit. To "take on another blanket" is to re-enlist, because of the fact that the Government allowance provides a blanket.

FROM ALL POINTS

GIRL NINE HOURS IN WATER.

Miss Lucile Armstroff, a school teacher, was swept into the ocean one day recently west of Guerneville, Cal., while photographing the surf.

Nine and one-half hours later her apparently lifeless body was found on the beach and brought to Jenner, a nearby village. Heedless of assurances that his task was hopeless, a village character known only as "Filipino Joe" succeeded, after several hours' effort, in restoring the young woman to consciousness. Physicians here said Miss Armstroff would recover.

FINDS BURIED GOLD.

Fifty dollars in gold, believed to have been buried in Chico, Cal., more than twenty-five years ago, was discovered the other day by Mrs. John Grey, wife of a shoe merchant of Chico, while digging in her yard. Mrs. Gray, while seeking lily bulbs, turned up an old can, and found in it, wrapped up in the remains of a handkerchief, the gold.

More than twenty-five years ago a family by the name of Judkins occupied the home. Mrs. Judkins was known to have buried money, several packages having been found by her husband following her death. It is believed that this money also was hidden by her.

CHEESE, A MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

In these days of high food prices, cottage cheese may be made an important meat substitute. In every pound of this food there is about one-fifth of a pound of protein, nearly all of which is digestible, while meats usually contain less protein and have a larger amount of waste matter. One pound of cottage cheese equals 1.27 pounds of sirloin steak, 1.09 pounds round steak, 1.37 pounds chuck rib beef, 1.55 pounds fowl, 1.46 pounds fresh ham, 1.44 pounds smoked ham, 1.58 pounds loin pork chop, 1.31 pounds hind leg of lamb, and 1.37 pounds of breast of veal.

FERTILIZERS FROM WASTE.

The fertilizing material obtained from industrial wastes in the United States is stated by W. H. Ross of the Bureau of Soils to have included 40 per cent. of the potash in 1916, 8 per cent. of the nitrogen.

The potash was obtained from such wastes as tobacco stems, cottonseed hulls, hardwood ashes, wool washings, blast furnace flue dust, cement flue dust and sugar residues. The phosphoric acid was supplied by such materials as bones, shells, fish scrap and basic slag.

The nitrogen came from wastes in the manufacture of castor oil, linseed and fish oils; from animal wastes, as blood, hair, horns, hoofs and hides; from

leather and wool wastes; from coke and from numerous other substances. By adding feldspar and other potash minerals to cement materials, it is believed the yearly recovery of potash from cement-plant waste might be raised from 70,000 tons to 100,000 tons.

SAVE FOOD AS USUAL.

The ending of the war should make no difference in the saving of food. This is the message of the United States Food Administration, whose leaders realize that the present situation only increases the responsibilities of the United States. Under any circumstances the nation is bound by the food pledge of August, 1918. Make your plans for victory, the Allies were told; America's contribution, among other things, will at least be 17½ million tons of food; probably more, because of the necessity of helping to feed the people of conquered nations. Changes of situation cannot lessen the obligation.

Sending 17,500,000 tons of food means saving—it will come no other way. As wheat was saved in the wheat emergency, so sugar was saved in the sugar emergency. The American people had been accustomed to four or five pounds of sugar a month. Last summer they were informed that three rounds a month must suffice. They were hardly adjusted to that allowance before conditions tightened again and, right in the middle of preserving season, it was necessary to reduce consumption to two pounds a month. That rule held three months and then, largely by virtue of a windfall of 50,000 tons, through loosening of transportation temporarily, largely also by virtue of self-restraint practised by the people, it was possible to return to the three-pound basis, for a longer or shorter time.

The point is that cutting down the sugar ration from four to three pounds caused no privation; cutting it again to two pounds made no real suffering. What happened was that every one measured his sugar carefully, and made every spoonful count for essential food, or flavor—none for waste, none for indulgence.

Saving all food means handling all food resources with the same care and thought that was given to the use of sugar when two pounds had to last a month.

That is what it meant to keep on saving food, to redeem our food pledge, regardless of the end of the war. As residents of the great States of the Union, housewives of America must play a leading part in this saving. They have responded nobly in the past and the Federal Food Board feels confident this new appeal will meet with the same splendid spirit of co-operation.

AFTER BLACK DIAMONDS

—OR—

THE BOYS OF COAL SHAFT NO. 3

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER II (Continued).

With this Robert and Jim left the other young men and started northward toward their own homes.

"Bob," and there was a gentleness in Jim's voice which was rarely there, "why don't you go with the people you used to go with?"

The boy turned on his chum, stopping dead still, and looked squarely at the young fellow.

"Jim Norcross, I'm one of you fellows. I'm working in shaft No. 3 of the Rocksbury Coal Co. You're my buddy down there. I don't think I ever hinted by word or look or action that I didn't want you with me. That's all on that point."

Again they swung along the street, but Jim had been thinking.

"Bob," again he addressed the boy, "Harry Sink spoke as if he thought we miners were not good enough for you to associate with, and——"

"And you heard me answer him, didn't you?" quickly answered Robert. "More than that, you know that I have asked you time after time to join me wherever I was going. I have asked you to come over to the house and you have spent the night with me. Now, Jim, you just close up on that kind of talk."

Jim closed up. He swung along at the side of his chum and friend, and mentioned the subject no more.

Reaching the railroad, they turned west past the depot, waited a few moments to watch the incoming and outgoing of the evening train, and then wheeled and started for the district in which they lived, north of the railroad tracks.

"Jim! What's that?" asked Robert of a sudden, as he flung an arm out to point the thing to his chum.

Instantly Jim's eyes followed the hand, and he saw an orange reflection against the evening sky—the reflection of fire!

"Fire!" gasped Jim.

Like two fleet runners getting away from the starting line at the firing of the starter's pistol, these two boys leaped away and scurried down the street to the north, eager to be at the spot.

"I believe it's close to where we live!" exclaimed Robert.

Jim grunted an affirmative reply, and they continued their run, finishing the first block and wheeling westward to take the main street into that section of the city.

Robert was the fleeter of the two, and he reached the next corner ahead of Jim.

Slowing a moment to look, he discerned about the location.

"It's Widow Green's place!" he breached quickly, leaping off again.

The two young fellows went at full speed, and reached the block wherein was situated the house, a small one, all ablaze.

Neighbors were gathered from their homes to see the fire, when suddenly there came a scream from a woman who had just run from the rear yard.

"Kitty! Save my Kitty! She's asleep inside there!" wailed the woman.

Robert Newton leaped through the gathering crowd and stopped the woman.

"Where is she? Which room?" asked he.

The frightened woman turned and pointed to the house with a sweep.

Just then there came a scream from within, and Bob leaped for the front door of the little cottage.

CHAPTER III.

CAUGHT IN CENTER OF FLAMES.

Bob broke through the front door of the house, and was hurled back by a rush of smoke.

"Don't go in there! Wait for the fire company!" shouted someone in the crowd. But Bob was not waiting for anyone. There was someone to save, someone who was in danger—and it was Kitty Green!

Drawing back and regaining a fresh breath, Bob leaped through the door, just as a long tongue of flame shot upward and about the door, almost completely surrounding it.

"Bob! Bob! I'll go with you!" shouted Jim Norcross, dashing toward the place.

But two strong men stepped between, and the boy was stopped.

"Robert! My boy, Robert! Save him!" screamed a woman who had just reached the place and saw Bob enter the building. It was the boy's mother.

Within the place Robert Newton dashed across the room, threw open the first door he saw, and there, in the second room, was Kitty Green, dressed in night-gown, fighting back the flames about the window with a pillow.

"Kitty! Kitty!" called the young fellow, darting across to reach her.

The flames had spread through the space between the ceiling and the roof, and then had broken out at the chimney openings.

They were darting about the window of this second room, and were holding forth in the doorway leading to the rear.

The girl turned and saw a man, whether she recognized him or not.

"Oh-h-h-h! Help! Help!" she screamed, stooping quickly at the side of the bed, and trying to hide herself from the gaze of a man.

(To be continued.)

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

MANY GEESE TOGETHER.

Probably the largest number of geese ever gathered together in one spot in Ohio are those bought by W. W. Schartzler, of Bryan. In the field at the rear of his residence Mr. Schartzler has about 5,000 geese, to be shipped to the New York market. The geese were purchased in Williams, Fulton, Henry and Defiance Counties. They average 11½ pounds each and have a total weight of about 65,000 pounds, and are worth \$12,075.

MULE TRAPPED MAN.

It was a case of "50-50" with Charles Satterwhite the other night when he started to climb through a window into a mule barn at 17th and Wyoming streets, Kansas City, Mo. Fifty per cent. of Satterwhite was through the window when a mule awoke, became restless and kicked a stick out from under the window through which Satterwhite was crawling. The window came down unexpectedly and the other 50 per cent. of Satterwhite remained dangling outside of the window.

CHEATED BLIND MAN.

In 1913 in the "hard times" just before the war, Johnny Groves, of Dayton, O., could have understood and forgiven, but with prosperity everywhere he can see no reason for an able-bodied man to take advantage of his disability. Johnny is blind, and in ten years had not had a customer of his newsstand cheat him until the other day, when a stranger gave him a round piece of metal and took change for a half dollar. The newsboy has a remarkable memory for voices, and swears "if that fellow comes again he'll suffer." He has a husky friend on a nearby corner.

\$100,000 LOST.

Many herders were victims of the recent influenza epidemic, and as a result, whole bands of sheep, numbering many thousands, are reported straying over the hills and deserts without any one to look after them.

A call was sent to Winnemucca, Nev., for herders, and although \$100 a month and board was offered, few men could be found to go.

It is said sheep scattered in this manner can never be all recovered. Many will be killed by coyotes, others will starve, while some will be picked up by individuals or join other herds.

It is believed that the aggregate loss from this source may reach \$100,000 or more.

DRY LAWS HIT GRAPE MARKET.

Growers throughout the Lake Erie region of Ohio are trying to find a market for their grapes. Prospects of prohibition have had a noticeable effect and

the buyers, who came in large numbers in years gone by, are conspicuous by their absence.

St. Louis wine manufacturers pressed tons of grapes, bought up in the Lake Erie island section, in years gone by. The juice was shipped to Missouri wineries and there converted into wine. So far this season grapes that had been held in accordance with a long-established custom, have not been claimed.

Lack of sugar makes it impossible to turn the grapes into jam and jellies. Owners of vineyards fear a heavy loss will result.

LITTLE GIRL'S CAPTURE.

Ontario, Cal., boasts the youngest apprehender of criminals on record in the person of Mabel Morton four years of age.

Louis Garcia, a Mexican, who owes his capture to the little girl's bravery, was given thirty days in jail by an Ontario Justice for the theft of a bicycle.

Mabel was playing on the lawn of her home when Garcia approached. She didn't like his looks, she said later, so she hid behind a rose bush.

Garcia walked up to the house, and, believing himself unobserved, took the bicycle. When he left with it the girl followed, and in the heart of the city ran up to him, grabbed hold of a sweater he was wearing, and hung on when he tried to shake her off. Men who ran to the scene learned the story, and Garcia was arrested.

FALL CROP OF WILD COCOONS.

According to the most reliable estimates procurable, the 1918 autumn crop of wild cocoons—those producing the silk from which all pongee fabrics are woven—in Southeastern Manchuria exceeds that of 1917 by 3 1-3 per cent., and is more than twice as large as the corresponding crop of 1916.

The 1918 autumn crop is estimated at 62,000 baskets, of 40,000 cocoons to the basket, and the quality of the silk produced is stated to be quite good. The prevailing price during the first week in October has been 1.20 taels per 1,000 cocoons, as compared with 1.50 taels during the same period in 1917. At current rates of exchange the value of the crop as estimated is, in terms of United States currency, approximately \$3,745,000.

Owing to the excessive rainfall throughout practically the entire season great anxiety was felt lest the crop be more or less of a failure, and the dealers express great relief that not only is the size of the crop quite satisfactory, but that the quality of the silk is found to be good.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

The largest whale caught this season in the North Pacific measured 89 feet in length and weighed 80 tons. With the season completed and 999 whales captured, the men engaged in the industry are receiving from \$3,000 to \$3,500 each for the summer's work.

An interesting result of recent experiments with coal is the demonstration of the benefits of submerging the mineral under water. Coal deteriorates in the air, and there is the danger of spontaneous combustion, while when submerged not only was the fire danger eliminated, but scarcely any deterioration was shown. Experimentally, coal kept in the air showed from 2 to 10 per cent. of loss in nine months, while when submerged there was scarcely any loss at all.

With the melting of the snow from the high peaks along the main range in Summit County, Colorado, a mining boom which promises to rival the excitement which prevailed in Leadville and other Colorado camps in early days will start probably 4,000 or 5,000 miners into the hills in search of molybdenite, the metal used in the hardening of cannon rifling. The high peaks in Summit County are said to be literally covered with molybdenite, which is bringing between \$1.50 and \$3 a pound, according to well informed mining men.

It's a shame the way people impose on the poor farmers, who are so trusting and unsophisticated. For instance, a produce dealer in Cleveland, O., reported to the police that a farmer sold him two crates of eggs at \$15 a crate, or 50 cents a dozen. When the produce man opened the crate he found eight dozen of eggs instead of sixty dozen, and the crates nicely filled with pretty white onions. The produce man figured up that he had paid \$3.25 a dozen for the eggs, which is a little steep, even now, and the police are looking for the honest granger.

The discovery has just been made in the central portion of the French Congo of a race of pygmies hitherto totally unknown. The members of the race are said never to surpass 1.5 meters, about 4 feet 9 inches, in height. According to La Revue, they live entirely isolated in the territory of Mongimbo. They build huts of hemispherical shape in the forest in groups of from 5 to 30. The chief is an old man, who exercises absolute and hereditary authority and elects his own successor. They follow a curious custom as to food, the women subsisting on edible roots, while the men live on the products of the chase. According to a legend among them, the former are descended from a hedgehog and the latter from a toad. They have vague notions of good and evil and have a certain cult of the dead, whom they inter with much piety. They are valiant in the defense of their liberty and independence.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Elgie—You know that \$50 watch I had? Isador—Yes. What of it? Elgie—I sold it for \$9. Isador—That's time wasted.

Parson—Willie, do you know where all boys go who play baseball on Sunday? Willie—Yes, but I won't tell you, you'll tell a cop and then we'll get chased.

"Doctor, my husband is troubled with a buzzing in his ears." "Better have him go to the seashore for a month." "But he can't get away." "Then you go."

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor. "The floor," answered the instructor.

Wife (at the play)—Is it possible, John Henry, that such amateurish acting has moved you to tears? Husband—You wrong me, woman! I was thinking of the \$4 the seats cost me.

"Don't you know I tol' you not t' go in swimmin' wid no white trash, chillun, eh?" sternly asked Sambo Johnsing. "But he wa'n't white befo' he went in," replied Sambo's small son.

There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg——" "Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house and slammed the door.

Mrs. McSmith was on her first ocean voyage. "What's that down there?" she asked the captain. "That's the steerage, madam," he replied. "Really!" exclaimed Mrs. McSmith in surprise. "Does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

LUCKY JOE BROWN

—OR—

THE SMARTEST BOY IN NEW YORK

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A serial story)

CHAPTER III (Continued).

Joe shuddered at the prospect before him—shuddered to think of what might happen if this wild man should happen to learn how well his pockets were lined.

The Klondiker lit the gas and flung off his coat.

He then pulled off his shoes and stockings and proceeded to lay aside his big hat.

"Joe," he said, dropping into a chair, "I am sincerely sorry for you."

"It can't be helped," replied Joe. "I'm not going to worry."

"That's right, old son. Always let the other feller do the worrying. But in this case it can be helped, and I'm going to help it—see?"

He pulled out one of the rolls and counted off sixty dollars, saying:

"Here, partner, you take that and charge it up to profit and loss."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it," cried Joe.

"Couldn't think of it? Say, what in thunder do you mean? The money's mine. I've got more than I know what to do with, and I've got a right to do what I blame please with it, too. You take that, I say."

But Joe had peculiar ideas of his own concerning right and wrong, and he still demurred.

Phipson settled him offhand.

"Say," he cried, "the bird who can sing and won't sing must be made to sing, they say. Take that money, you blame fool!"

He tossed the bills toward Joe, and drew his revolver.

"Take it or I bore you full of holes!" he shouted.

Joe picked up the money and pocketed it.

He was afraid that all this noise would bring people in upon them.

The Klondiker laughed heartily.

"Say, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, kid," he chuckled. "Now it's all right, and we are friends again."

Just then came a knock at the door.

It was a hall-boy with the bottle of whisky. Phipson tipped him a dollar.

Then he locked the door, and put the key under the pillow on the side towards the wall.

"In case you take it into your head to vamoose the ranch during the night, kid," he said. "You don't give me the slip that way. I'm on the booze, and this night it's cost me one great big four hundred dollar diamond. I want someone to go around with

me and you are just the feller for the job. That there sixty dollars is only pay in advance. I don't mind giving you the money a blame bit, but I'd put a ball down my own throat before I'd let you put one drop of this infernal poison down yours."

Thereupon Mr. Phil Phipson, scout and spy, tossed off a huge drink.

He made the bottle look sick before he quit.

But at last he put his revolver under the pillow alongside the key, and having already made Joe undress and get into bed, he proceeded to do the same.

And in doing it he lost his balance, and fell full weight upon the boy, nearly crushing him.

In two minutes' time he was sound asleep.

But there was no sleep coming Joe's way just then.

He had been in mortal terror lest Phipson might take it into his head to go through the bulging pockets of his trousers.

But the Klondiker was too drunk to notice anything.

He filled the bed so completely that Joe did not dare to move lest he roll off on the floor.

At first he thought of trying to extract the key from under the pillow.

But the recollection of the revolver deterred him.

Besides, if he went downstairs at this unseemly hour he was sure to attract the attention of the night clerk.

Still another reason, and perhaps the strongest, was that he had no knowledge whatever of New York, and had not the faintest idea where to go.

So Joe made the best of it, and at last fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight.

A dull roar was ringing in his ears.

Whistles were tooting, and there seemed to be a general commotion everywhere.

It was the roar of the great city, all so new to this boy's ears, and incidentally the deep snoring of the Klondiker added to the general din.

Joe slipped off the bed, and proceeded to wash and dress himself.

"Oh, if I could only get out of here," he thought.

"By gracious, I must. He will be sober when he wakes up, and he will surely notice my pockets. I must get this stuff out of them somehow, and that right away."

He resolved to run the risk and to try to abstract the key.

Just then Phipson turned over and faced him.

Joe thought he was going to wake up; but no, the snoring continued.

Bending cautiously over the bed, Joe ran his hand in under the pillow and got the key.

And still the snorer snored on.

Joe tiptoed to the door, unlocked it, and passed outside.

Lucky Joe Brown was in luck again.

He had escaped the Klondiker.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

LARGEST MOTOR VESSEL IN WORLD.

The British twin-screw Diesel engined vessel Glenapp, which has just been built by a Glasgow shipyard, is, according to the local press, the largest and most powerful motor vessel in the world. It is of 10,000 tons dead-weight, and has two sets of engines, constructed by Messrs. Harland & Wolff at their Glasgow works. These give a total horsepower of 6,600, which figures represent a very marked progress in this type of vessel.

ARMOR THAT RESISTS MACHINE GUN BULLETS.

Recent accounts have told of tests made of a type of body armor invented by Dr. G. O. Brewster of Dover, N. J.

Dr. Brewster donned his armor and proceeded to let army officers fire a machine gun at him at close range. The proof that the bullets were properly shed lies in the fact that the doctor is alive and unwounded, although the little leaden pellets went straight for the middle of his chest.

The only apparent fault of the armor is that it weighs close on to sixty pounds. It was V-shaped, covering the front of the

head and body. Pneumatic cushions at points eliminated much of the shock from the impact of the bullets, and the doctor in the tests, though staggered, was able to keep his balance.

GIVING SOLDIERS INTOXICATING DRINKS.

The Secretary of War authorizes the following statement: "In the celebrations that have welcomed our troops from abroad, many of the men in uniform have been given intoxicating drinks. This is contrary to the law. It is a breach of military discipline. It is an injury to the returning troops. A drunken soldier is a disgrace to the uniform, an insult to the flag, a shame to himself and a danger to the community. No loyal citizen, who has the interests of the men at heart, will offer them the temptation of inebriety. I appeal to the friends of our boys from the front, to discourage this abuse of hospitality. Our army in service has had a record for cleanness and sobriety of which the country has a right to be proud. I appeal to that pride to help the men live up to their record."

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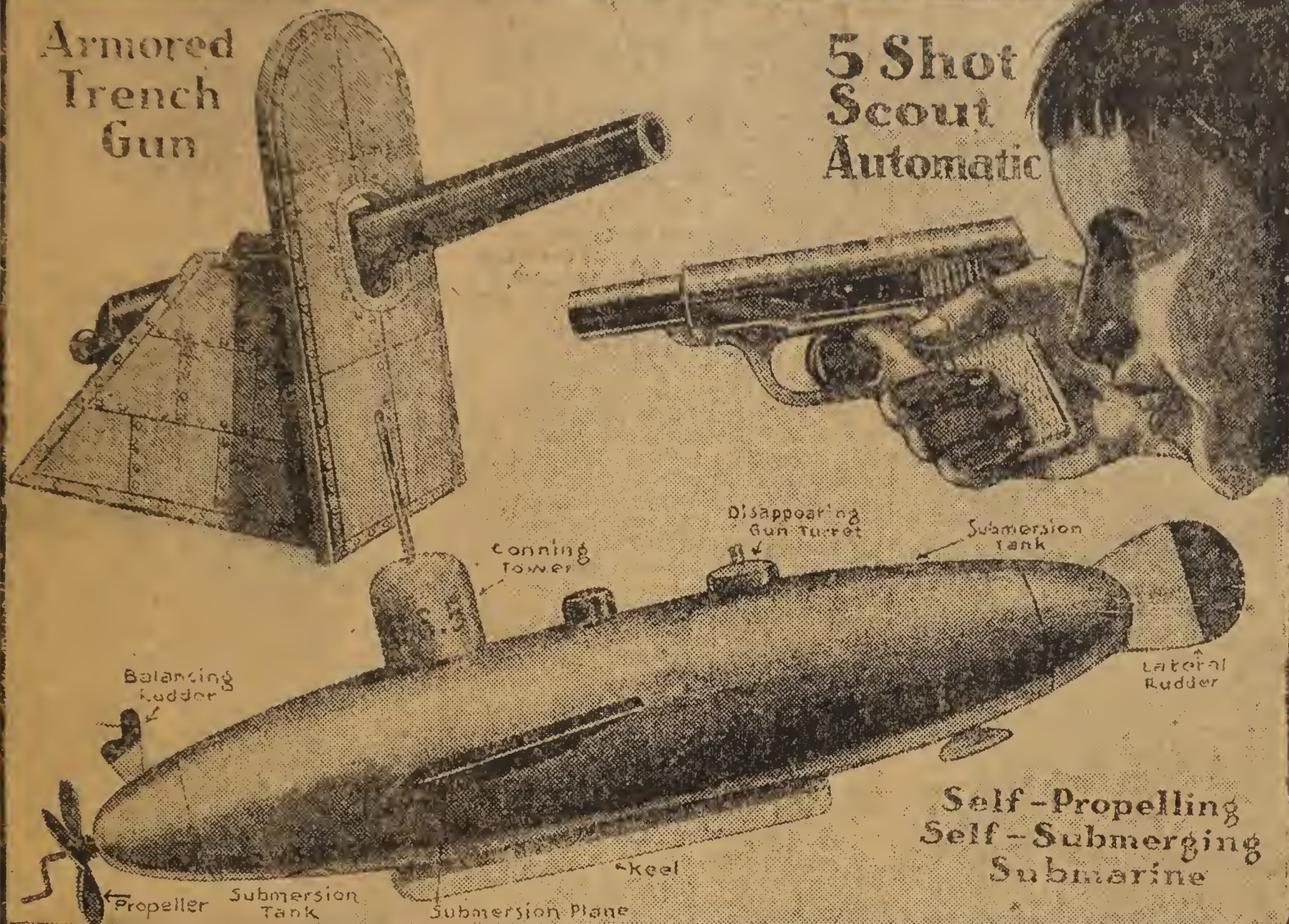
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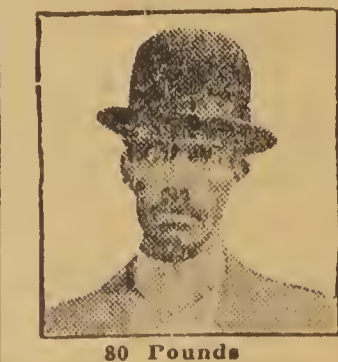
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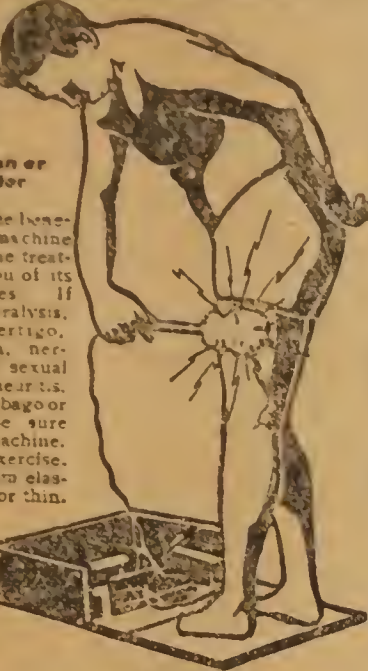
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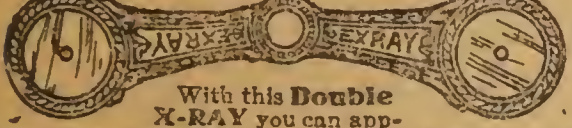


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